Saturday Night

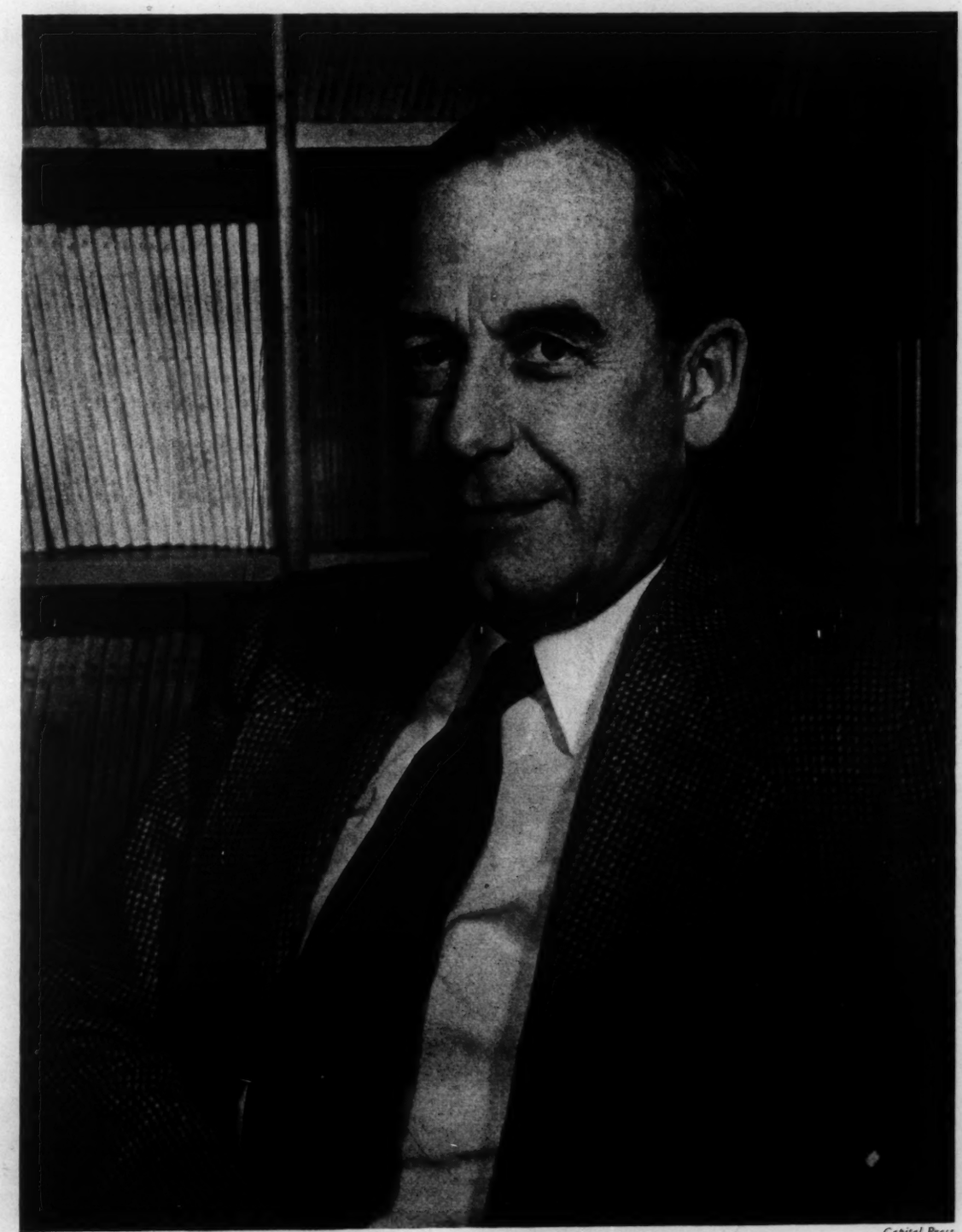
July 25, 1953 . 10 Cents

The Front Page

Much of what is said during the final weeks of an election campaign should not be taken seriously; as the day of decision approaches, feverish vapors swirl about in the minds of the candidates, heating their blood and paralyzing those parts of the brain that normally impose caution on the tongue. It is up to the voter, poor dazed soul, to separate the fantasy from the fact stated by the orators in their earlier, cooler moments.

Sometimes this is not so difficult a job as it first appears. In the present campaign, for instance, the CCF speakers have been playing an interesting set of verbal variations on the theme of war and peace, and through all their changes of mood and pace, it is easy for the listener to follow that theme. It was stated just as clearly as it could be the other day by David Lewis, national vice-president of the CCF, when he told the Toronto Labor Council's political action committee that free enterprise needs war or the threat of war to keep people in jobs, and that general unemployment would follow settlement of the cold war.

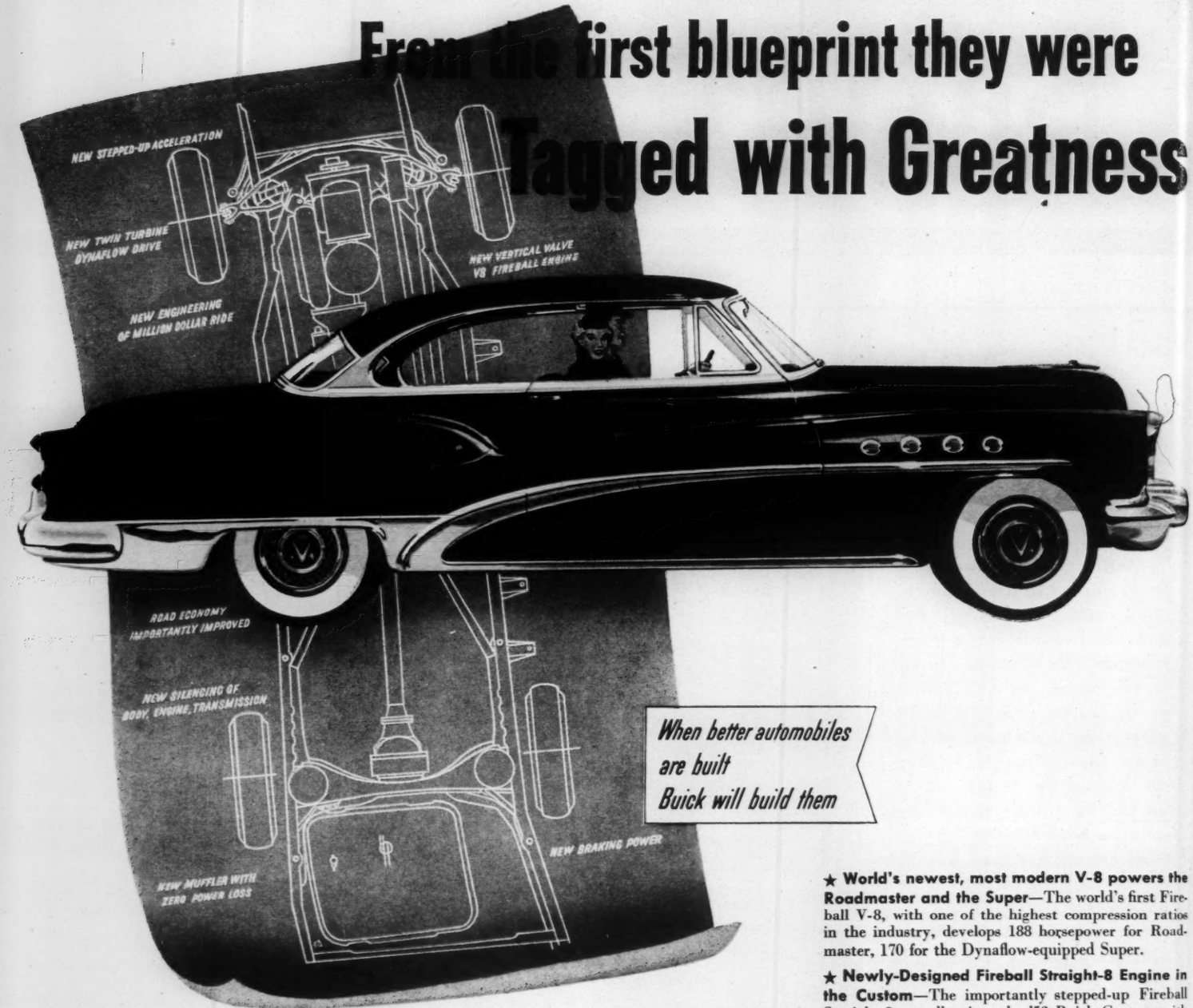
Other CCF spokesmen have been saying the same sort of



Capital Press

Dr. E. W. R. STEACIE, President of the National Research Council *(Page 4)*

From the first blueprint they were Tagged with Greatness


NEW STEPPED-UP ACCELERATION
NEW TWIN TURBINE DYNAFLOW DRIVE
NEW VERTICAL VALVE V8 FIREBALL ENGINE
NEW ENGINEERING OF MILLION DOLLAR RIDE
ROAD ECONOMY IMPORTANTLY IMPROVED
NEW SILENCING OF BODY, ENGINE, TRANSMISSION
NEW BRAKING POWER
NEW MUFFLER WITH ZERO POWER LOSS

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

WE started with the engines and developed the world's first Fireball V-8, with a 12-volt ignition system, for the Roadmaster and Super, and a completely redesigned Straight-8 for the Custom. Next, we took a look at Buick's famous Million Dollar Ride. With an improvement here, a refinement there, we achieved the softest, steadiest, most buoyantly level ride in all series that Buick's advanced engineering has yet produced.

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Truly, this year's Buick Roadmasters, Supers and Customs are automobiles worthy to celebrate fifty great years of Buick history. You should see . . . examine . . . try out a Buick for yourself—and the first step is to see your Buick dealer today!

★ **World's newest, most modern V-8 powers the Roadmaster and the Super**—The world's first Fireball V-8, with one of the highest compression ratios in the industry, develops 188 horsepower for Roadmaster, 170 for the Dynaflow-equipped Super.

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★ **New, Twin-Turbine Dynaflow Drive**—Standard on the Roadmaster, optional at extra cost on the Super and Custom, Buick's new Twin-Turbine Dynaflow adds far swifter, quieter, more efficient getaway to infinite smoothness at all speed ranges.

★ **Buick Power Steering**—This amazing driving aid, available at extra cost on all Buicks with Dynaflow Drive, takes over all steering effort above 4 pounds, yet leaves the driver in complete control at all times.

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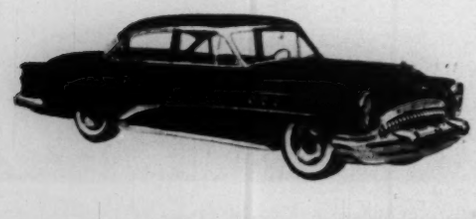
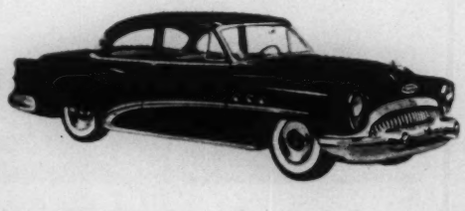




The greatest BUICK in 50 great years

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

thing ever since events destroyed their dream of fattening their party on the bitter fruits of the great post-war depression they had predicted. It is worth examining their theory, now that it has been refurbished for election purposes.

If we believe that peace means depression, we must also believe that our prosperity in the years since 1945 has been due not to vigorous development of our economy but to the artificial stimulation of expenditures on defence works. To maintain this belief, we must ignore fact; we must forget that even today, with our bill for defence at its highest, only 5 per cent of our gross national product would be affected if we decided not to spend another cent in this manner. And we must be convinced that business leaders, who have repeatedly expressed their hopes for a real peace which will enable them to sell their goods in all the world's market places, are either insincere or stupid.

In addition, the CCF theory implies that the leaders of parties which are not Socialist are sneaking about, looking for excuses to start wars and to keep them going once started. This is to say that the Allies provoked the conflict with Germany and Japan, and that Western members of the United Nations somehow persuaded the North Koreans to invade the South, and later tricked the Chinese into entering the war, simply to keep their people employed — and, incidentally, to keep the CCF from getting more votes.

If we can believe this, we can believe that the moon is a clam and we're all swimming around in a sort of universal clam chowder. Indeed, we can even believe that Socialism is something more than a philosophy of despairing futility.

Household Stinkers

DR. FREDA KEMM of Chicago, who is a director of something called The Association of Family Living (devoted, we presume, to the promotion of a happier, brighter family life), believes that if a child wants to call one of his parents a "stinker," he should be allowed to do so, because "hostility is one of the basic emotions and has to be expressed; the home is the best place to express it." Dr. Kamm has been severely criticized for her statement, but for ourselves, we do not find anything revolutionary in it. We have observed that in most homes a child is free to express his hostility by yelling "stinker" at a parent, whose basic emotions thereupon find an outlet in repeated applications of the hand to the seat of the little brat's pants. Dr. Kamm's only mistake seems to have been failure to complete her study of family reactions.

Grand Mufti of Gourmets

DUNCAN HINES, who has been described as "probably the only man whose stomach works for him, instead of vice versa," makes his permanent home in Bowling Green, Kentucky. "Oddly enough, there isn't one decent eating place in the whole town," he told us, when we met him during his recent visit to Toronto. His pronouncement virtually consigns Bowling Green to gastronomic outer darkness. For a good many of his 73 years Mr. Hines has been writing books about food and the places that serve it, and his skill at this, combined with a knowledgeable recognition of the value of advertising, has made him a sort of Grand Mufti of Gourmets. A recent cartoon showed the proprietor of a roadside snack-bar telling a hobo, "Duncan Hines tried our wiener-on-a-bun and said 'mmmh'."

"I never dare let a place know I'm coming," he said. "If I do, they get nervous and try to put on something special, and that never seems to come off. Food should not be complicated, and need not be difficult to prepare well. Seasoning is one of the big secrets, a large variety of seasonings. We have over a hundred different kinds at home. My wife, Clara, is a treasure of a cook. Sometimes she'll ask for my advice on something, and of course I have to make a suggestion to keep up my reputation, but, between you and me, the suggestion isn't necessary."

Besides seasonings, Mr. Hines has four girls in his house at Bowling Green, whose full-time job is answering the hundreds of letters he gets; and there is a company to approve use of his name by firms whose products are made to Hines standards and recipes. There are signs, "Recommended by Duncan Hines," hanging outside scores of hotels and restaurants in the Americas, and these are loaned by Mr. Hines, without charge, to the places mentioned in his annual yearbook—a cosy arrangement, because most of those places have copies of his book to sell.

"Many restaurants are recommended to me that I can't check personally," he said. "They are visited by one or another of my friends, who know good food and who will eat there two or three times to see if the standard is consistent. You can't judge a place by one meal."

A hobby of his is collecting watches. He showed us one that was set into the top of a pencil. "I have another set into my front door key, one that fits into my lapel buttonhole, a wrist watch that gives the date as well as the time, one that chimes and another that rings like an alarm clock. This last one I set just before my secretary shows a salesman into my office, and when it rings I tell him I have a train to catch."

A waiter wheeled a tray of canapés within reaching range. Mr. Hines deftly speared a sausage and popped it into his mouth. "Mmmmh," he said.

DUNCAN HINES: The secret is seasoning.

Exposure of Fear

IT IS POSSIBLE that future historians will refer to our time as the Age of Fear. We pay daily tribute to Fear in the form of taxes made necessary by the expense of our hunt for an elusive security. Our terror even extends to the language we use. More and more we are substituting squashy circumlocutions for the plain sharp words that describe unpleasant things, as if the unpleasantness will disappear if it is called by another name.

Many people who deal in the stock market do not like to say that the price of a stock drops; it depreciates. Diplomats would never admit that international relations were getting bad; at the worst, relations deteriorate. Even nudists are being engulfed in the wave of timidity. A splinter group in the British Sun Bathing Association wants to form a new organization to be called The British Naturist Association. The idea is to get the word "naturist" into the language to describe the sun-worshipping strippers. All of them will still be mother naked, of course, but as they run around their resorts barebuff they will feel a lot more respectable if they are naturists instead of nudists.

Mr. Adamson's View

RODNEY ADAMSON, the Progressive Conservative member for York West, was in England when we asked Toronto's elected representatives what they had done about the fast shuffle by Transport Minister Chevrier which resulted in Toronto losing one of its three VHF television channels. After he returned, Mr. Adamson told us that he had made his views clear on this sort of thing in a statement to the House of Commons on March 20 of this year. We looked it up, and found that Mr. Adamson had said, among other things:

"The area between Toronto and Hamilton is to be blocked out from receiving the Hamilton station because the CBC Toronto station is to have a monopoly. I disagree most strenuously with that policy . . . I live in the area and I think this is just another example of the dictatorial methods adopted by the CBC to make a competitive station beam its waves away from an area served by the CBC."

The CBC campaign for elimination of Canadian competition has gone much farther by now, of course. Possible competition to CBLT was reduced by half when Mr. Chevrier so blithely removed one Toronto channel; and the only possible reason for forbidding use of the third is fear of competition.

Amending a Mistake

WE HAVE always thought that the printing of backstairs gossip about the Royal Family was a pretty nasty way of filling up space on a page, but we believe that the British newspapers which have been accusing church authorities of trying to discourage Princess Margaret's reported interest in a divorced man are doing a great public service. If nothing else, they are drawing attention to the absurdity of the attitude a large part of society takes towards the whole question of divorce. We do not know what the facts of the British case are, but we do know that to condemn a man or a woman to a lifetime of censure for once choosing the wrong partner in marriage is bigoted, cruel and, in fact, immoral.

The people of Canada are worse off than the British, in the matter of divorce laws and the bitter prejudice directed against divorced persons. Here the law itself is flouted with cynical hypocrisy in every divorce court in the land, and those who have had their marriages dissolved must carry with them forever the brand of adultery, no matter what

The Front Page

the circumstances may have been which actually led to the end of the marriage partnership.

By permitting divorce on the ground of adultery, the law admits that the marriage bond is dissoluble; it admits that the union of a man and a woman as husband and wife does not constitute an unbreakable contract. But the people who make the laws have refused to consider anything but adultery as sufficient reason for breaking that contract—not other forms of unfaithfulness, not desertion or cruelty or incurable insanity, or anything else but a physical act of infidelity. The result is that the courts impersonally grind out decrees on evidence, in many cases synthetic, of an act that is not a crime, under law, anywhere in Canada, outside New Brunswick.

If the law recognizes that the marriage contract can be terminated, it must also recognize that men and women can make mistakes in the choice of partners, just as easily as they can err in other fields of decision. One trusting, innocent person can be beguiled and deceived by another, but should not be forced to suffer through a lifetime for that trust and innocence. If the making of a bad choice is evil, there is not one of us, in any walk of life, who is without sin. And we forget too quickly that when Christ chose twelve disciples, one of them was Judas Iscariot.

Dirty Politics

WE HAVE BEEN hearing from various sources in Ottawa that Jack Pickersgill, the erstwhile civil servant in whom Mr. St. Laurent reposes such confidence that he wants him in the Cabinet, is a man of keen intellect, political sagacity and great administrative ability. That may be so, but Mr. Pickersgill has not yet given any public demonstration of his highly publicized talents. Indeed, in his public appearances so far he has been particularly inept.

It is of no importance that he blotted his own page when he tried, in a speech at Winnipeg, to put the brand of racial intolerance on the Conservative party. It may be important that, in the course of one speech, he has done great damage to the reputation of his party and dirtied what was otherwise a fairly clean election campaign. But what is really important is that Mr. St. Laurent wants in his cabinet a man who apparently prefers prejudice to reason in politics, and who is prepared to promote racial animosities to gain political advantage.

Even candidates outside the Conservative party could not stomach Mr. Pickersgill's distortions. Andrew Brewin, the CCF nominee for Toronto St. Paul's, called it "a pretty raw statement," and pointed out that only eight years ago a Liberal administration passed an order-in-council providing for deportation of Japanese-Canadians simply because of their racial origin—an order that the Government was forced by public opinion, marshalled by Conservatives, CCF and some Liberals, to cancel.

The leaders of the parties have been tossing plenty of rocks at each other in this campaign, but they have picked the rocks from clean ground. It remained for Mr. Pickersgill to look for ammunition in a hog wallow.

The NRC President

EVERY SO OFTEN a colorless little news item appears in the papers, telling about the presentation of a medal or an honorary degree to a Dr. Edgar William Richard Steacie, whose title is President of the National Research Council. The other day, for example, he got a medal from the Institute of Chemistry, and a little earlier this year McGill University gave him an honorary LL.D to add to the degrees he had already received from Queen's, Dalhousie, Laval and the University of New Brunswick. But, in the public mind, he remains a vague figure who heads a vague establishment.

Actually, Dr. Steacie is far from being a vague person. He has the scientist's habit of stating facts baldly, but the bluntness has been polished by the lessons in tact he learned from Dr. C. J. Mackenzie, when the latter was President of the Council. Away from his work, he is an athletic, lean man (5 feet 10 inches, 160 lbs.), who likes to golf and ski, and who built his own country cottage at McGregor Lake, north of Ottawa. His children are grown now; daughter Diana Jeannette is Mrs. W. A. Magill, and son John Richard Brian has a Bachelor's degree in Science, from McGill.

While this 53-year-old scientist is a very definite person, the organization he heads has such an odd combination of duties and purposes that it is no wonder that many Canadians have only a vague idea of what it is all about. To begin with, the Council's proper name is "The Honorary Advisory Council for Scientific and Industrial Research." It has 22 members, drawn mostly from universities, with some representatives of industry and labor, and it reports to the Committee of the Privy Council on Scientific and Industrial Research, which consists of the seven Cabinet Ministers whose departments include research branches, with G. D. Howe as chairman, and which seldom meets.

The duties of the National Research Council are far from precise. It is halfway between being a coordinating agency for other research organizations and a national authority charged with investigating scientific problems of national interest. It does its own research, tests the results obtained by others, advises the Government on scientific and technological matters, and hands out money to help other scientists and research projects. Its own operation costs better than $15 million, and it spends over $2 million on scholarships to postgraduate students and on grants to several hundred research scientists. It is a smaller operating unit than the Defence Research Board, it spends less money than does the Department of Agriculture on agricultural science and experimental farms, and it has no authority over the research organizations, such as the Fisheries Research Board and the Forest Products Laboratory, which come under particular departments of government.

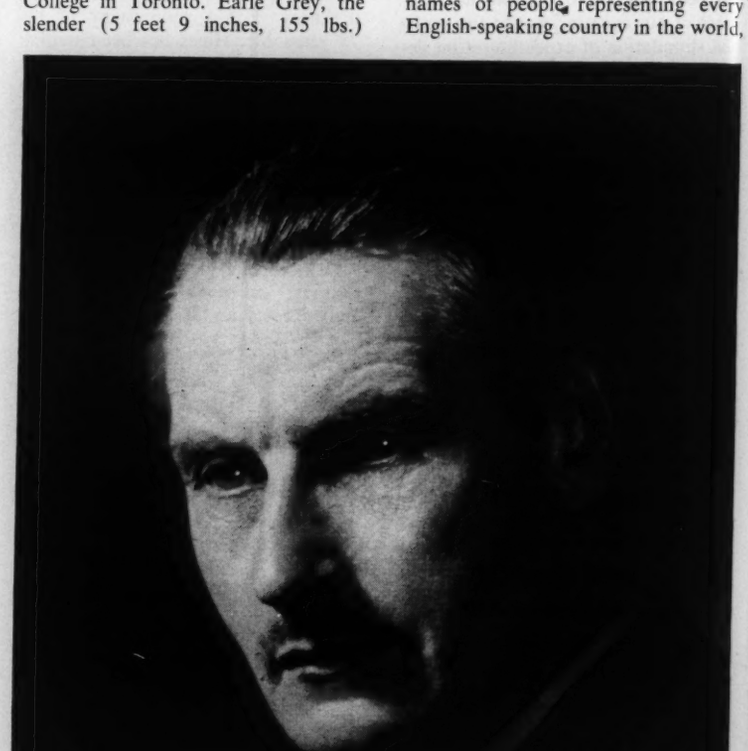
Fifth Festival

WHILE STRATFORD, Ontario, celebrates its first Shakespeare Festival, the Earle Grey Players are halfway through their fifth at Trinity College in Toronto. Earle Grey, the slender (5 feet 9 inches, 155 lbs.) Englishman who came to Canada in 1939 on a sponsored tour and stayed to write and act here, is delighted that there is another Festival. "The Stratford celebration is one of the finest things that ever happened," he told us. "Far from being competition to us (it is too far away for that), it is stimulating the public's interest and making them more anxious to explore the work of a man who, after all, remains one of the world's greatest dramatists."

Both Mr. Grey and his wife, Mary Godwin, were at home on the Shakespearian stage by the time they reached Canada. He had trained at Dublin's Abbey Theatre, and then appeared with such players as Sir Frank Benson, Flora Robson and John Gielgud in London and the provinces, while Miss Godwin had been with Sir Philip Ben Greet's Company.

When Mr. Grey first explored the grounds of the University of Toronto, "I came across the impressive quadrangle of Trinity College, and immediately it occurred to me how suitable it was as a setting for outdoor drama." But it was not until this year that Mr. Grey was able to design and build the stage he wanted. "Now, with its traditional apron, inner and upper stage windows, it is almost a replica of the Elizabethan stage of the Globe Theatre," he said.

The Earle Grey Players have attracted large and enthusiastic audiences each year, an achievement which has pleased not only critics and advocates of "live" theatre but such civic-minded groups as the Toronto Convention and Tourist Association, Inc. "The guest book maintained by the Earle Grey Players contains the names of people representing every English-speaking country in the world,



Randolph Macdonald

EARLE GREY: He got the stage he wanted.

and of a good many from other countries. The Festival brings a lot of people to Toronto, and it keeps them coming each year because they are never disappointed," one member of the Association said.

Clothes and Women

SOME TIME after we first learned that there were fundamental differences between boys and girls, and a good thing too, we noticed that there were two kinds of girls: the ones we saw every day as mortal beings, and the ones we did not see anywhere outside the fashion advertisements. Study of the advertisements convinced us that there existed somewhere in the world a special breed of women, whose arms, legs and hips were not disposed in the orthodox manner, and that these contorted ladies somehow had a corner on the display of female clothes. We were soon disillusioned on that score, of course, but it was only the other day that we learned why models stand the way they do in the fashion pictures. It is to show off the dresses to the best advantage. And all these years we had thought that dresses were designed to show off women to the best advantage.

Letters

Authors in Convention

THERE is a snide tone about the reference to the Canadian Authors Association in Looking Backward (July 11) of which the associate editor responsible probably is quite proud. Particularly this shows in the words "convention-attending type", a description obviously meant to be derogatory. This may come as a profound shock to the writer of Looking Backward, but there are authors in this country who are not fortunate enough to be able to spend each noon at the Toronto Men's Press Club talking to other writers, a sort of daily convention in itself.

It is for these that the CAA arranged an annual convention. Admittedly, this convention is not as valuable for an established writer as for a beginner, but nevertheless established writers by the dozen come each year to do anything they can to help people from small towns and cities far from the country's publishing centres. This is the main purpose of the Canadian Authors Association, to give a beginning writer a means by which he can meet experienced writers and get the help which otherwise would have to come through a lucky chance acquaintanceship, or not at all.

Among the people who came at their own expense to fulfil the above purpose at the CAA convention this year were a high percentage of the best Canadian writers, as well as such men as Carl Brandt, one of the best of the New York agents; Walter Bradbury, managing editor of Doubleday in New York; Nicholas Monsarrat, author of *The Cruel Sea* and 12 other books; Charles Strong, of New York, author of 94 published books. Dr. Strong, incidentally, is in his early forties—he's a fair example of a man who can write a lot, and take time out to help other writers, too.

Sniping at the Canadian Authors Association is as old, tired, and unimaginative a game as sniping at the City of Toronto; scratch the man who does it and you find a juvenile.

Omemee, Ont. SCOTT YOUNG
President,
Canadian Authors Association

The Insecure U.S.A.

MR. SELDES in *The Constant Pressure on Entertainment* has, particularly in the latter portion, put his finger on the explanation for the current fear-schizophrenia in the United States. The cause is the feeling of insecurity; the effect is "the change from confidence to timidity" and it is indeed a terrible price to pay for McCarthyism. Unfortunately the latter has many followers, but I can not help recalling the observation made by Sir Winston Churchill that, "there is no collective security in a flock of sheep on the way to the butcher."

Clyde, Alta. C. A. ŁAZERTE

Liquor Campaign?

THERE appears to be a deliberate campaign in your columns of correspondence to increase the consumption of liquor, and thereby the profits of the distillers. What the writers do not point out is that it will also decrease health and morals in Canada. . . . At least three people have written about "saner" liquor laws, and this can't be coincidence. Is this part of a planned propaganda effort?

Winnipeg MRS. J. T. WILLOUGHBY

Editor's note: We doubt it. It is just possible that there are people who think there are other ways of handling liquor than banning it.

Defends Science Fiction

TO AN OLD science fiction buff, Mr. Robertson Davies's recent remarks (SATURDAY NIGHT, July 4) strike a familiar, jarring note. I suppose one might refute Mr. Davies's contention that "science fiction is written for readers who are . . . of mediocre intelligence" by pointing to the notably high proportion of scientists, engineers, doctors and the like who both read and write it. I would rather, however, suggest that the kind of story to which Mr. Davies takes exception is the fruit of an attempt on the part of a few writers and anthologists to repeat the success of George Orwell's *1984*. Now Orwell certainly conceived of future life as being extremely disagreeable; and the device he used was essentially that of "the domination of a tyrannical, highly intelligent, cruelly logical government."

Was Orwell, then, writing for people of mediocre intelligence?

I really cannot close without a wry word of thanks to Mr. Davies for his opinion that science fictioneers "think of progress in science as being inevitably evil." Usually we've been accused of quite the opposite: of making the Wellsian assumption that technological progress is progress toward the good life; and of overvaluing intelligence at the expense of the more homely virtues.

Montreal A. ARTHUR SMITH

IN YOUR issue of July 4, Robertson Davies . . . makes broad generalizations about science fiction which are completely contrary to the facts . . .

Statistics are available which allow a quantitative refutation. In 1949 *Astounding Science Fiction* (one of the leading magazines in the field) polled its readers to determine their backgrounds and reading preferences. In more than 3000 replies (a surprisingly enthusiastic response!), 87.5 percent listed occupations which break down as follows (with individual percentages in parentheses): engineering (14.7), mechanical-electrical (7.6), sales and advertising (7.5), research (7.3), chemistry (5.2), professional (law, medicine, etc.) (5.2), executive-management (5.0), technician (4.5), clerical and secretarial (4.5), auditing-accounting (4.0), armed forces (3.5), writers-editorial (3.3), supervisory (2.2), architecture and design (1.7), civil service (1.5), agricultural (1.2), "others" (8.6). 6.7 percent were women and the remainder did not reply to this question. Eighty percent of the readers were under 35 years of age (median in late twenties) and the majority had college degrees. If Mr. Davies considers these people to be, on the whole, of mediocre intelligence, then he and I have a serious semantic mismatch. Furthermore, the absurdity of his notion that science fiction readers consider the progress of science to be evil is evident from the fact that so many of the above compilation are actively engaged in contributing to that very progress. I have personally met hundreds of science fiction readers, and I have yet to find one who would subscribe to that notion . . .

Ames, Iowa ALASTAIR CAMERON

Polluted Waters

REPORTS on the tremendous growth of Canadian cities and towns make interesting reading, but we must not let our pride blind us to the fact that bigger communities mean bigger municipal services to take care of the increased population. Many of our cities are still unprepared for growth . . . Many still have no facilities for proper disposal of sewage, which is dumped, untreated, into rivers and lakes. The result is pollution—destruction of public property. Bodies of water which should be a source of enjoyment for all are being ruined . . . In this area alone, in the last few weeks, six popular beaches have been put out of bounds, because the water is heavily polluted with intestinal bacteria . . . The same thing has happened in Hamilton Bay, and Toronto Bay . . .

St. Catharines, Ont. HARRIET WILSON

Hymns and Blues

THE COMMENTS of (Lister Sinclair) on the Coronation music were most interesting. There was, however, one paragraph that left me somewhat puzzled:

"Finally, there was Vaughan-Williams's setting of the Elizabethan hymn that stood as number one hundred in the old hymnals . . . the *Old Hundredth.*"

The melody and words are probably familiar to all English-speaking Christians. Vaughan-Williams's magnificent setting is an elaboration of the melody taken from the Genevan Psalter of 1551 (seven years before Elizabeth ascended the throne), while the familiar words were written by a minister of the Scottish Episcopal Curch, Rev. Wm. Kethe in 1561 and are a paraphrase of the 100th Psalm, again with no reference to Elizabeth.

While it may have appeared in old hymnals as number 100, I have no way of verifying this. I suggest that this was not the reason it is now called the *Old Hundredth* but because of its link with the 100th Psalm.

To refer to it as an Elizabethan hymn demands quite a stretch of one's imagination.

I agree with Mr. Sinclair's reference to the music during the Annointing, the *Veni Creator Spiritus* would have been more appropriate here. It was, however, all thrilling and magnificent.

Toronto OCEAN SMITH

LISTER SINCLAIR didn't do bad for a square, in his piece on Mezz Mezzrow's and Bernard Wolfe's *Really the Blues* (but it wasn't ghost-written like he says—a ghost is anonymous).

However, his patronizing "desire to be more tolerant towards jazz and its practioners" is even worse than the narrow attitude he rightly deplores in Mezzrow. Personally, where Mr. Sinclair finds "great monotony in overall structure" in jazz, I find it to an unbearable extent in almost all the symphonies I've ever listened to, in many concertos as well, and categorically in almost all of Brahms and Bach; but I don't get patronizing about it.

In his remarks on Mezzrow's marijuana peddling, he might have mentioned the remarkably cogent argument in favor of getting "high" on the weed as opposed to getting drunk—that the former makes most people happy and peace-loving, while the latter makes them morose and pugnacious. I'm not in favor of either . . .

Ottawa PAUL A. GARDNER

Nature and Lemmings

CORRESPONDENT BALDWIN need not get too excited about the speed with which the world's population is increasing. Birth control could never be a full answer—its practice needs some intelligence and self-control, and not too many people are endowed with these qualities. Nature herself has a way of correcting these imbalances, no matter what man tries to do to pervert her laws. When one species threatens to over-run everything else, Nature sets up a block . . . Long before over-population becomes a critical problem, there will be some sort of natural adjustment, by means of famine, drought, war or plague . . .

Halifax THOMAS A. FRASER

ANOTHER GENERATION of lemmings is marching to the sea in Canada's Arctic. Apparently these animals take the drastic step of swimming out to sea until they are all drowned when food resources get too small to support all of them. We presume that not all the lemmings go on the march, because there are always some left to start another cycle . . . At the rate the world's population is increasing, this may be a way out for us, in the years to come.

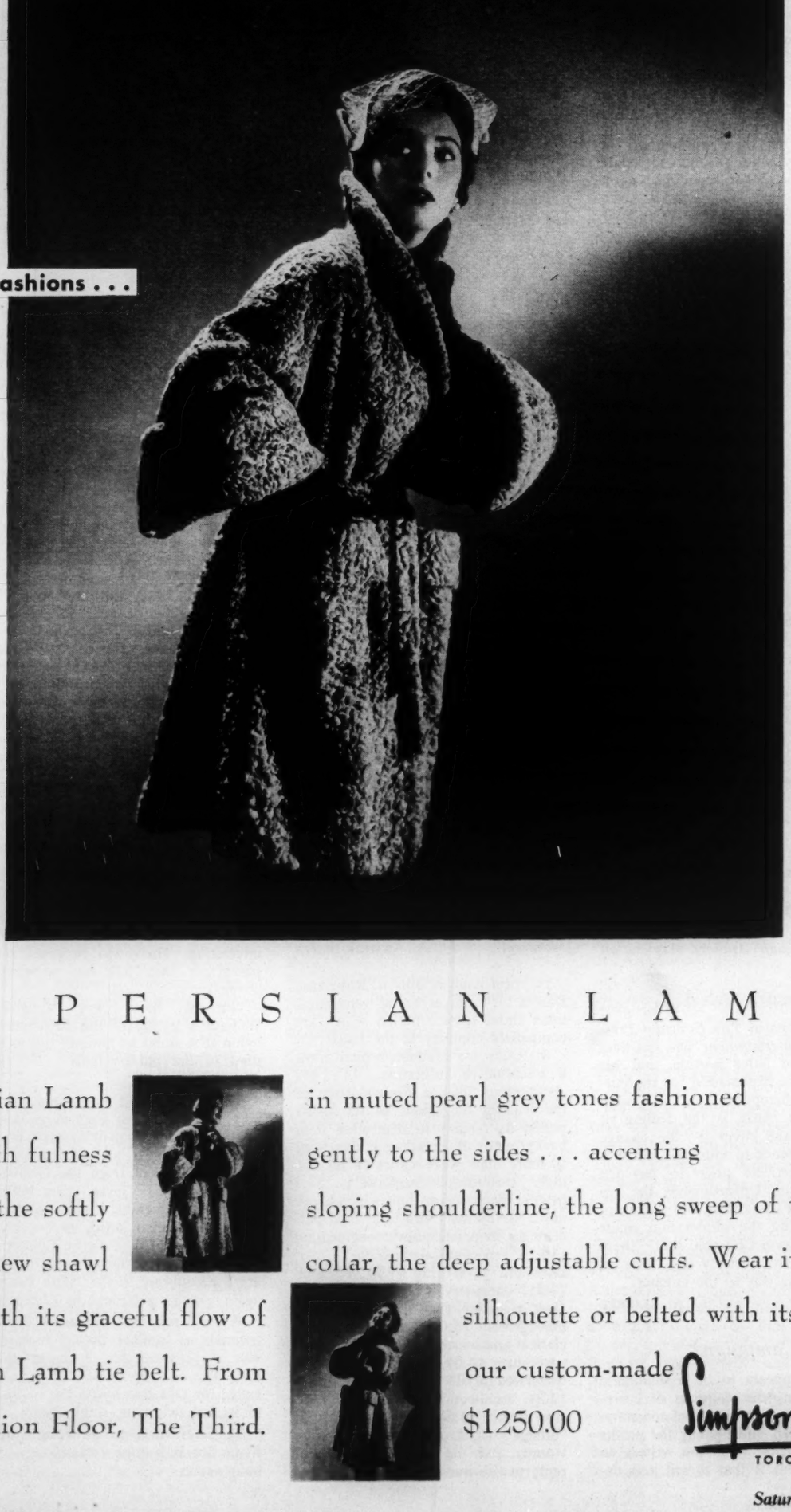
Ottawa SYBIL CHALMERS

Another Festival

WHY ALL the fuss about the Stratford festival? Toronto has had its own Shakespeare Festival for five years now, and a very good one it is, too. The Earle Grey Players have been presenting Shakespeare at Trinity College in a way that does credit to any community . . . A small town puts on a show with a lot of ballyhoo and imported actors, and everybody goes crazy . . .

Toronto FRANCES SHELDON

leader of fur fashions . . .



GREY PERSIAN LAMB

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Simpson's
TORONTO

The Lights of Paris: An Undazzled View

By EARLE BIRNEY

IN THE LATEST NUMBER of "This Week in Paris", which calls itself *le guide-programme des spectacles,* identifies the lights of eighty-one choicer cabarets currently twinkling, as well as a score of veritable planets like the *Folies-Bergère* (which are modestly classified as "music-halls"). And this is only a corner of the Paris night-sky; the weekly telescope moves on to report several hundred *chansonniers,* restaurants-with-entertainment, *caves* and *boîtes,* the identifiable suns in a galaxy of places to eat and an entire universe of bars.

Since I am above the age and below the income where it is possible to become an authority on this amount of night-life, without being decrepit enough to stay quietly in my room, I have had to specialize in discovering how much innocent entertainment one can get on a minimum outlay of time and francs.

An initial difficulty I ran into, and one which I haven't exactly solved, was how to see at least one good *revue,* preferably the *Folies-Bergère.* To leave Paris without beholding the *Folies* would be like leaving Toronto without attending a Prom Concert. Stirred by this parallel, I actually penetrated the dazzling portico of the *Folies* as far as the ticket-window. Here I could either pay the equivalent of seventy cents and stand at the back of the *promenoir,* about half-a-mile from the stage, or pay four dollars and sit at the back of the orchestra, a quarter-mile closer.

The fell strokes of age determined the outcome, for I have flat feet—I mean really flat—and I knew that after two minutes of standing, all the beauteous flesh of France would not distract me from the agonies of my own. I decided to see if the *Casino de Paris* had a seat I could afford. After all, didn't a very knowing Ottawa journalist tell me last week it was a much smarter place than the *Folies* now?

But I got lost, and never found it. Instead, setting my sails for the brightest neons, I nosed up against the *Moulin Rouge.* Here a number of French *bourgeois* were flocking in to see what looked like an American-style vaudeville. I veered over into the Place Pigalle, where I could see a number of American soldiers rolling in to behold the sort of thing it was my plain Canadian duty to investigate.

Outside each glittering entrance around the Place were a frank photographic display of *les girls,* and a large doorman. By ignoring the former and doggedly cross-questioning the latter, I was able to move on past *Eve* and *Tabarin,* where you pay six hundred francs to open the door and a minimum of seven hundred and fifty for a drink on the other side of it—*c'est obligatoire, monsieur.* I stopped at the *Sphinx.*

For the benefit of anyone intending to do the same, here is my advice. Do not be startled, as you fumble up the stairs, by the two six-foot naked ladies smiling sideways at you from the top. They are only colored photographs and cost nothing to pass. You are now in the dark bar-balcony. Stay there. Do not follow the curvetting waiter into the almost unoccupied area of tables-for-two arranged within touching distance of the low stage. There is a champagne bottle in an ice bucket on each of these tables; if you lay a hand on one of the soft chairs—the waiter has popped the bottle, and you are forking out enough for three seats to the *Folies-Bergère.* No, you turn left through the crowded balcony, walk unhesitating to the bar, pay your two dollars for a beer, retire to a plain bench in the shadows, and nurse that beer for two hours. If you happen to notice that one of the charming ladies wandering about has settled on your knee, brush her gently off and concentrate on the stage. She will understand.

What will you see? An apache dance, not too rough, ending in a phenomenal display of knife-throwing; a courtly magician summoning live Persian cats out of nowhere. You will hear some lively songs, sung not too badly, and bits of slightly Gallicized jazz. And of course the girls. They are there, dressed in everything from the billowing superfluities of the court of Louis Quatorze to the legal and exactly adequate triangle of the *Quatrième Republique.*

But this is a 750-franc evening and you must not expect the impossible. The girls are neither raw strip-teasers nor celebrated *artistes*; some of them are not entirely beautiful, and few of them can dance. As for nudity, that is something which becomes less interesting in proportion to the amount of it seen at one time. But you wanted to observe a Paris *folies* for two dollars? You have, and you got your money's worth.

STILL, 750 francs isn't chicken-feed, not for a Frenchman certainly. There must be a cheaper approach. Another night I tried the byways of Montmartre where there was no neon, to hear what I could hear. What came to my ears, after a few false notes in the wrong streets, was a long, high and most ethereal wail floating out the open doorway of a little restaurant. I went into the bar, paid 200 francs for a cognac, sat on a tall stool, and listened to an intense and proud-faced Spanish youth singing the most beautiful *flamencos* I've ever heard. He was followed by a dancing girl to match him, a leaping little tongue of Valencian fire, and after her a magnificent lady from Cadiz who could both sing and dance and clack the castanets and laugh; and she made everyone around her laugh and snap his fingers at whatever morrow was coming. Before she had ended, the waiters were humming, the barman was whistling, the cook was beating two pans together in his galley.

Put on for tourists? Not on your life. Put on by Parisian Spaniards for themselves, and for anyone else who can afford sixty cents for a cognac or three dollars for a good Valencian dinner, and who arrives by nine o'clock, early enough to get in. For this is not one of your dusk-to-dawn places, just a small restaurant that folds at midnight. But much can happen before then.

What happened to me was that I was gathered up, when the *Barcelona* closed, in the jovial entourage of a Spanish foursome who had, unknown to me, been watching with approval my evident enjoyment of Iberian fun and games. A few minutes later I was their guest at a champagne party in the *Puerta del Sol,* a cabaret near the Champs Elysées. This is a plush affair built a little like a bull-ring, with top professional dancers in the ring and top professional payers in the stalls. My host turned out to be a rather well-known explorer, who presented me with a photograph of Mt. Ararat; there was also in the party an Englishwoman writing French film-scripts, a Montreal aviator, and a retired toreador. The show went on to five. This is the sort of sequence that easily results from following the wail of a flamenco into a Paris doorway. And if one has no conscience, it suggests a way of exploring the whole town on a total outlay of two hundred francs.

There is the time element however; one might have to wait many evenings on the same bar-stool before another kind gentleman blew in from Ararat. As for me, the nights were slipping by and I had not yet been in a real *cave.* A *cave* or *caveau* is something like a cave only smaller; it may once have been a quiet rudimentary cellar, or even a well-bottom, under somebody's house. Now it is a drum-throbbing abstract-art-lined cavern where students and other young of *La Rive Gauche* meet to cut a rug, try out a new existentialist (or non-existentialist) playlet, and hear a jazz singer or two. It is also for not-so-young tourists who want to join in.

ONE midnight I paid about thirty cents for the required "club membership" at the door of the *Harlequin,* a *cave* near St.-Germain-des-Prés, liveliest and leftest part of the Left Bank, and pitched down a stair about as steep as a fireman's ladder. At the bottom I parted with a dollar seventy-five to nurse another obligatory beer. Again it was well worth it. I saw a new poetic farce written by Jules de Supervieille and acted by young semi-professionals who were having fun themselves. And I saw some jitterbug dancing that would have got applause in Harlem.

I wouldn't advise anybody to try a *cave,* however, if he is allergic to smoke, darkness, noise, confinement, hard seats—or the sight of the blacks, browns, and whites of the human race having a good time together and indulging in that kind of dreamy public love which is part of what makes Paris Paris. Personally, I would like to move the *Harlequin,* and the square block around it, into any Anglo-Saxon town in Canada, and watch it spread. At the moment, I don't know any place in our wide Commonwealth where, for that money or any money, you could see a lot of young people entertaining themselves on a sophisticated level of art and of popular music not out of juke-boxes or radios—doing it while they drank without getting drunk, kissed over the tables without feeling silly, sang without

French Government Tourist Office, NY.

AT THE CASINO de PARIS: "I got lost and never found it."

reading the words from a sheet—and keeping it all up till dawn, if they wanted to, without being denounced from the pulpit or run in by the cops. At least, I am told you can stay till dawn. At two o'clock my beer ran out and I got sleepy.

Even two o'clock is late for the likes of me, and two dollars a lot for a beer. I was still looking for a place where the beer was two-bits and the entertainment, if milder, at least earlier. I found it about two blocks from my hotel at *La Source*. In the daytime this looks like just another of the mediocre *terrasse cafés* along the Boul' Mich'. But it still has a plaque on a wall to Paul Verlaine, behind the table where he once sipped absinthe and wrote a fair sheaf of his poems. At ten in the evening, the ghost of Verlaine comes back, and the place goes a little wacky in a casual French way.

A couple of old troupers, dressed like characters in a Toulouse-Lautrec poster and looking almost old enough to remember his days, walk in at ten and lead the whole café—crowded now with just ordinary Paris folk who live roundabout—in gusty songs, the peculiar and ever-renewed folk-songs of Paris herself. There is also a Fernandel type of comedian who sings and tells little *histoires* which I understand are frequently a little raw and are obviously very funny. My French, however, has never yet been fast enough to get the punch line.

If yours is the same, don't let it bother you when you come to *La Source*; reflect that you now have another incentive to master the language, and relax in a genuine atmosphere of communal fun. Don't be surprised if the violinist suddenly dances, still playing, out into the street, apparently in an attempt to rope in a cluster of stolid Dutch tourists who have stopped on the sidewalk to stare. You can join in the general nonsense yourself, if you want, since there are amateur turns and you may climb up on the platform and try your luck.

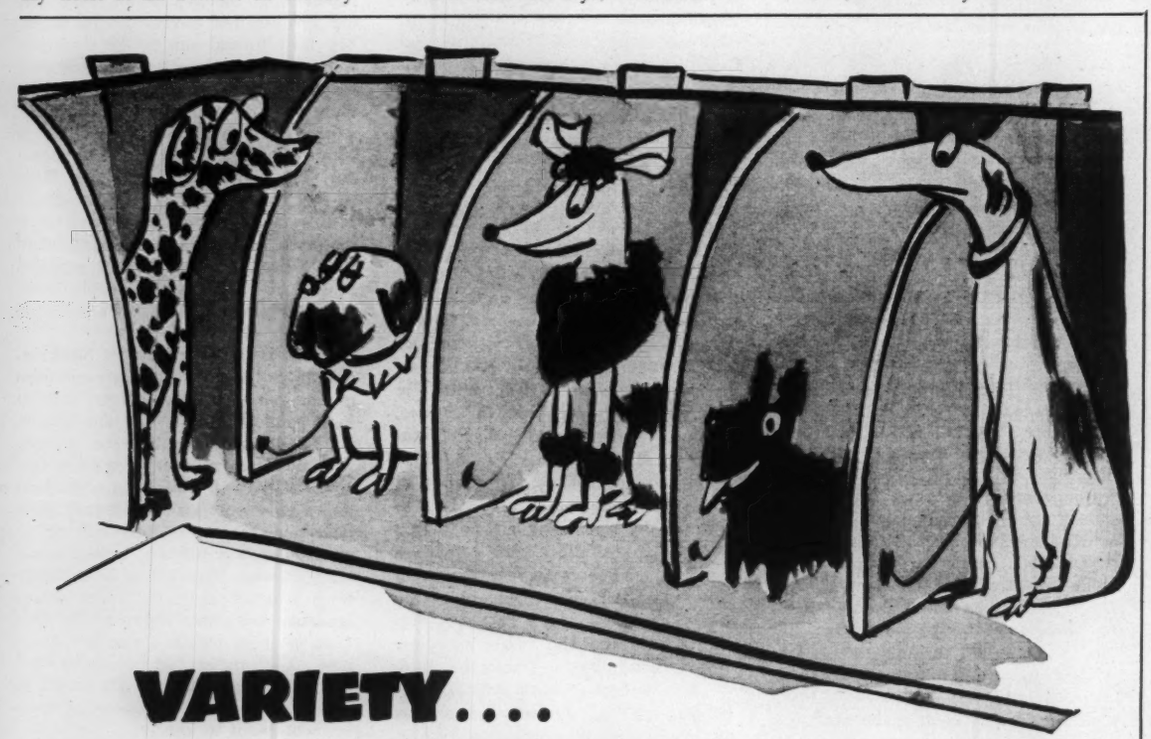
But even a hundred francs is more than a knowing Parisian will pay every night for a beer and a song. To enjoy the combination at half that price he goes to a *boîte*, a box, a little cranny in the shuttered façade of a back-street, where there is no food, not even a square yard for dancing, no chairs, and precious few stools; nothing, apparently, but a bar. And some are just bars, so bleak and empty you wonder how they keep going.

In a successful *boîte*, however, the bar is more than the counter where you drink as much or as little as you like at rock-bottom prices. It is where the truck-driver's wife parks her poodle at two in the morning while she catches up on the day's gossip with *la patronne* and while her husband is unloading his cabbages in the wholesale market of *Les Halles*. It is what you lean against, while you listen to a guitar some young student has brought in with him because he likes to play it and knows how to. Soon somebody is singing and then everybody is.

My favorite *boîte* is run by Paul in the rue Monsieur-le-Prince (for which reason he and his establishment are known as Prinspol). If you become a steady customer, Paul will have one of his artist-clients draw your portrait and it will be pinned over the bar with those of his other friends. The faces of some Canadian soldiers are still smiling down from the dark panelling, set there in the days of the Liberation, when Paul started his *boîte*.

Everybody is treated like a friend at Paul's, or almost everybody. I should not advise a German tourist to drop in. Paul was one of the French officers captured at Dunkirk and "interrogated" for information he did not care to give. It is regrettable, and not helpful to the amity of nations, that Paul should still be carrying bitterness in his heart about this, but I mention the matter because it is also part of Paris, a part that we unscarred tourists are perhaps too quick to forget.

There are a few odd evening attractions I haven't mentioned, such as the Opera, *comique* and otherwise, the auctions, the two dozen current musical concerts, the assorted boxing matches, wrestling affairs (*le catch*), expositions, fêtes of the week, learned lectures and plebeian dance-halls, the eight-o-clock horse-races and eight-thirty "flyboat" trips down the Seine, the six ballets, the forty-three legitimate theatres, and the three-hundred-and-thirteen movie-houses. These omissions are mainly for the reasons I mentioned at the beginning, and because there are nights in which I remember that I am in France to write a novel.



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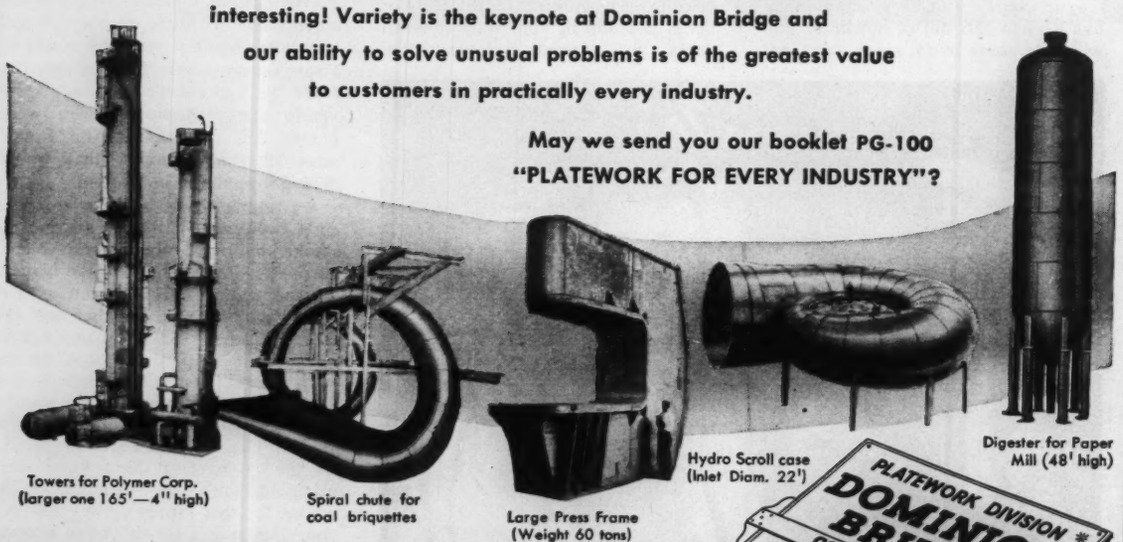
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The Social Scene

The Kid-Killer and the Intellectual Cop

THE LITTLE BOY, a toddler of three, ran down the front walk of his Toronto home, darted between the parked cars belonging to his father and the next-door neighbor and into the path of another car, moving at a normal rate of speed, which picked him up and threw him with a sickening plop against the curb fifteen feet away.

For the longest second in history there was a complete silence, which was broken by the mother's agonized screams and the too-late application of his brakes by the driver of the car. Neighbors ran down to the street from their front porches; the driver jumped from his car; the father, summoned by the screams of his wife and by a presentiment of tragedy, ran from his front door half-shaved.

The mother picked her little boy up from the gutter, where he had been lying crumpled and grotesque in contrast to his lively chubby happiness of a moment before, and strained him to her in an instinctive effort to succour him and bring him back to life. Hysterical with grief and fear, her face white and drawn, her eyes staring but unseeing, she is led into the car which has killed her baby, and with her husband beside her and the car's horn blaring a raucous warning, the long useless trip to the hospital is begun.

In the morning paper was a one-column reproduction of a snapshot showing a baby sitting on a beach with a sand-shovel and pail, and beneath it the brief account of still another traffic fatality, and the familiar words, "The driver didn't have a chance."

The biggest murder and suicide weapon in the hands of man today is the automobile. Along the shallow troughs we call our city streets run hundreds of thousands of motor cars, steel battering-rams weighing more than a ton apiece, each capable of snuffing out the life of a human being in the space of a brief second of time. Within the corporate limits of Toronto are concentrated 308,000 gasoline-driven vehicles (motor cars, trucks and motorcycles), the third biggest concentration per population of any city in the world, exceeded only by Los Angeles and Detroit.

Because Toronto is fast becoming a city on wheels, it finds itself forced to continually enlarge its accident-prevention facilities. Today, its Police Traffic Division consists of a total personnel numbering 170 officers of all ranks, who man 117 motorcycles, 9 accident squad cars, several tow trucks, and a sound truck used for teaching traffic safety, etc. The accident squad cars, painted bright yellow and fitted out with every conceivable first-aid device, fire-extinguishers and tools for prying broken bodies from wrecked cars, patrol their own districts of the city twenty-four hours a day, being dispatched by radio to all accidents involving personal injury or damage exceeding $50.

Under Toronto Chief of Police John Chisholm, a police official who has the faculty of anticipating traffic accident trends and then doing something to prevent them, Toronto has twice in the past two years received a safety record award for North American cities of its size from the National Safety Council in Chicago.

Toronto's most forward step in traffic accident prevention was the setting up, several years ago, of an organization known as the Toronto Traffic Safety Council, a civic body staffed by members of the police force and financed by an annual allocation from the city coffers. This organization functions as a branch of the Ontario Safety League.

Its director is Charles F. Pearsall, a police sergeant of 42, who has been a policeman for the past 16 years. Although his photograph shows him in uniform, he usually dresses in civilian clothes, affecting the bow-tie and sports ensemble that is almost a badge of office among Toronto journalists. He came to his present position with a long career behind him as a traffic officer, having been a mounted police constable in Toronto for eight years before trading in his horse for a motorcycle. Following his motorcycle days he was a member of a two-man team in an accident squad car, during which time he saw enough "juicy" accidents, as they are called by policemen, to satisfy him for ever. Then he was made an accident investigator in the police force.

CHARLIE PEARSALL is a member of that growing body of policemen in our country, the intellectual cop. These understanding, intelligent, educated policemen have as much affinity with the average policeman of fifty years ago as a radio-equipped prowl car has with a nineteenth century bicycle. They no longer wait for crimes or accidents to occur before swinging into action, but lay out extensive plans beforehand to prevent accidents and crimes from occurring.

Pearsall says, "Traffic safety depends on what we like to call, 'The three E's of Safety', engineering, enforcement and education. Engineering consists of the widening of streets, the planning of safer traffic arteries, the construction of safety islands and traffic lights, etc. Enforcement is not only the apprehension of traffic violators, but the following of comprehensive plans for selective enforcement.

"The Toronto Police Department has a huge accident map upon which are fastened pins showing all types of traffic accidents, their location and number. Before a member of the Traffic Division is assigned to a neighborhood, he is acquainted with the specific problems he will encounter there; the particular traffic violations, for instance, that he may expect to meet at a certain intersection. It will be part of his duty, while stationed in the area, to prevent these violations, and their subsequent accidents, from occurring.

"The third Safety E is that of education. For six years now we have conducted a 10-minute radio program over a Toronto radio station every Saturday morning, and I do another 5-minute one each Sunday. Besides our radio educational program we make speeches to various clubs and organizations, conduct safety campaigns with the help of various other civic bodies and the newspapers, and direct appeals to the public by means of our sound truck, which cruises the streets bearing a police announcer. Our jay-walking campaign of a couple of years ago reduced this careless habit considerably, and violations of pedestrian traffic rules, especially in the downtown area, fell off considerably.

John E. Milne

CHARLES E. PEARSALL: The Three E's of Safety.

"But perhaps one of our most successful campaigns to date has been that of Elmer the Safety Elephant (who never forgets!). This consists of a six-foot green pennant bearing Elmer the Elephant's likeness, which is presented to every Toronto primary school on the completion of thirty accident-free days by its pupils. The presentation, sponsored jointly by the Toronto Traffic Safety Council and the Toronto *Telegram*, is made in a flag-hoisting ceremony before the assembled children by uniformed police officers, who give a short safety talk to the pupils. When a pupil of the school is involved in an accident, the flag is lowered in another ceremony, which impresses upon the children the gravity of the situation."

Pearsall, the father of four daughters, is greatly interested in child safety and it is a source of special concern to him that accidents now kill more children from the ages of 3 to 15 than all the nine childhood diseases put together; 12 times as many children suffer accidental death than are killed each year by polio. Of these accidents, 40 per cent occur in the home, while 37 per cent are due to traffic accidents. The remaining 23 per cent are due to drownings, etc.

Toronto traffic deaths remain pretty stable at 60 per year, although in 1941 they rose unaccountably to 104; the reason for this has never been ascertained by traffic officials. A large number of these fatal accidents involve children of pre-school age, while older people, 55 years of age and over, constitute the next largest age group.

Since the introduction of Elmer the Elephant, children of primary school age have a very good safety record. There are 181 school days in Toronto each year, and 85,000 school children daily cross a minimum of 4 streets on their way to and from school. This means that annually there are 61,540,000 street crossings. Out of this number there were only 176 accidents last year involving children going or coming from school, in which the accident was the fault of the child. In these 176 accidents 74 per cent of the victims were children in the age group of 5 to 9 years.

Due to the application of selective enforcement of traffic laws by Inspector Robert Kerr of the Toronto Traffic Division and his men, total summonses for hazardous violations of traffic laws are up this year, while the total summonses issued for all law-breaking are down from the year before.

Pearsall blames many accidents on drivers under 21 years of age, especially those who drive light pick-up trucks. He cites an instance, when he was a member of the traffic division, of picking up a young driver who had passed two schools at lunch time at a speed in excess of 45 miles an hour. When he was flagged down and asked the reason for his hurry, the driver said that he was on his way to pick up his lunch. When his brakes were tested, it was found that they had to be pumped in order to function.

Many transport and truck-delivery concerns today are insisting that no driver under thirty be hired. As Pearsall says, "Young teen-age drivers have no sense of responsibility, and they drive like damn fools."

He also believes that preoccupation is the greatest menace to life on our streets and highways today. He says, "Preoccupation on the part of the driver is responsible for many of our traffic accidents. The driver's emotional instability does not show up in statistics, but such things as worry, sorrow, and especially anger, may make a potential killer out of an otherwise safe driver.

"We can educate the school-age child in safety rules, but self-education on the part of adults is necessary too. Although the elementary rules of safety have not changed over the years, the number of motor vehicles has multiplied, and each one is a potential killer. 'Canada Has Not One Child To Spare' may be a dramatic slogan, but nothing surpasses in real drama and horror the sight of the dead and broken body of a child you have killed."

Don't let it happen to you.

HUGH GARNER

Ottawa Letter

The Political Situation in Quebec

SOUR POLITICAL ANNALS show that, since Confederation, no political party has governed Canada without a reasonable measure of parliamentary support from the province of Quebec, to which 73 out of the 265 seats in the House of Commons are now allocated. Absence of this support has been the basic reason why the Conservative party has remained since 1921 in the cold shades of opposition, except for the period 1930-35, when the late Lord Bennett had two dozen supporters in the House of Commons from Quebec.

In the election of 1949, Mr. Drew started his campaign in Quebec under the handicap of being a virtually unknown personality to most of its people, and the Liberals were able to work up racial animosity by circulating far and wide a story, whose accuracy he denied, that he had once in his hot youth referred to the French-Canadians as "a conquered race." To them, he also looked the perfect Canadian pattern of the old-fashioned imperialist of the school of Kipling, who regarded all people of non-British blood as lesser breeds without the law. As a result, he was only able to secure from Quebec two regular supporters and one dubious independent ally in the redoubtable Mr. Houde, while the remaining 70 seats fell to Liberals or Independent Liberals, some of whom later became regulars.

Now Mr. Drew has renewed his courtship of Quebec under more favorable circumstances. His acquisition since 1949 of a fluent command of French has been taken as a compliment by the French-Canadians, and even papers which are politically hostile to him have been admitting that his personality and his political abilities command their respect, and that his policies are entitled at least to careful examination. So the cordial welcome which he has received at every place in Quebec which he has visited and the good attendance at his meetings indicate that the prejudice against him has died down and that he and his program are now being judged on their merits by most of the French-Canadians.

Naturally, he has been making great use of the best weapon in his armory for winning votes in Quebec. This is his argument that the provincial Ministry of Quebec has been wise to have no truck with the Federal-provincial agreements about taxation, because they are a dangerous aggrandisement of the Federal authority, which, unless checked, will lead to other moves full of peril for other provincial rights, and will undermine the whole fabric of Confederation. In making his case against centralisation, he has taken great political risks, as Mr. St. Laurent and his Ministers are busy frightening the voters of the poorer provinces with the argument that their burden of taxation will be heavily increased, if they lose the financial benefits of the agreements on taxation Mr. Drew wants to cancel.

If Mr. King were still leader of the Liberal party, thousands of French-Canadians who supported him through his long career would probably now vote for Mr. Drew as the valiant champion of provincial rights, but it happens that today the leader of Liberalism is the most distinguished French-Canadian of his generation. Citizens of Quebec who recall Mr. St. Laurent as an able, industrious and rather coldblooded corporation lawyer with no large fund of public spirit, and a stern disciplinarian of his own family, marvel at the success with which his stage managers have "sold" him to the voters of the other provinces as the benevolent "Uncle Louis", whose only object in life is to make every Canadian happy and contented. But the fact remains that among his compatriots, racial pride in Mr. St. Laurent's high role is strong and deep, often tinged with genuine affection.

In his autobiography, Prime Minister Nehru of India quotes a revealing observation by Henry James, which runs thus: "If your heart does not want to, your head will assuredly not make you believe." He added this comment: "The emotions generally govern the general outlook and control the mind. Our conversations, whether they are religious, political or economic, are really based upon emotion or instinct." Today as polling day draws nigh, there is a conflict between heart and head for many French-Canadians. It might well happen that the former will prevail, and the ballot boxes in Quebec will reveal that the Conservatives have been ploughing the sands, and that on the eve of the poll a wave of racial emotion in favor of Mr. St. Laurent had swept over the province and enabled the Liberals to retain all save a fraction of their seats.

Conservative hopes that such a wave might be checked by the intervention of Premier Duplessis as an active ally of Mr. Drew, have now grown dimmer. Mr. Duplessis was supposed to be holding his hand until three by-elections held on July 9 gave some inkling of public sentiment. Their results have strengthened his position; his party has easily held its two seats which were at stake, and cut in half the former Liberal majority in the Outremont division of Montreal. The word that Mr. Duplessis is taking a holiday is interpreted as an indication that he does not intend to risk a rebuff by an unsuccessful championship of the cause of Mr. Drew, and will, at least officially, preserve neutrality in the Federal contest. However, the machine of his own Union Nationale party is being quietly mobilised in various constituencies to help Mr. Drew's candidates, and some of Mr. Duplessis's leading henchmen are working zealously for them.

There are about a score of seats on the island of Montreal. The Liberals feel reasonably confident that they can hold practically all of them; and they are hopeful of defeating Mr. Houde. It is true that there is considerable unemployment in the city, but there is also a high level of prosperity, which favors the Government, and the business community has great faith in Mr. Howe. The Union Nationale party is also much weaker in Montreal than in the rural areas of Quebec.

Time was when the Conservatives could usually rely upon the divisions of Montreal, in which English-speaking voters predominated, but the defection of the Montreal *Star*, once a very powerful organ of Toryism, to the side of the Liberals, has been a strong factor in changing the allegiance of these seats. Since the election of 1935, none of them has returned a Conservative candidate, and the Liberal majorities in 1949 were large. But Mr. Abbott, the Minister of Finance, is reported to have a real fight on his hands; the Conservatives have nominated against him an able and vigorous young candidate, Egan Chambers, who is a great-grand-nephew of one of the saints of Liberalism, George Brown. Mr. Chambers, who has a very creditable war record, is an equally good speaker in French and English, and he has an immense fund of energy. Mr. Abbott must be recalling that, although his majority in 1949 was over 10,000, he only survived by the narrow margin of 50 in 1945.

QUEBEC CITY has always been a hard nut for the Conservatives to crack, and there is no evidence that they are making any impression upon this strong fortress of Liberalism, which has two potent local commanders in Prime Minister St. Laurent and Major "Chubby" Power, dean of the House of Commons. But in the district tributary to Quebec, impartial local experts think that the Conservatives have a fairly good chance to capture at least four seats, their best prospects being in Charlevoix, Saguenay and Matane. At the same time, they are dubious whether Leon Balcer can hold Three Rivers against a strong Liberal candidate.

Possibly the best fighting ground for the Conservatives is the region of Quebec known as the Eastern Townships, where they made most of their gains in 1930. It contains a number of textile plants, which are suffering from foreign competition, and both the owners and workers may be inclined to take stock in Conservative promises of better protection for them. Then to the dairymen, the barriers which the United States has raised against imports of Canadian dairy products do not look like a successful outcome of Liberal trade policies. Now there has loomed up another protectionist threat at Washington of a drastic import quota upon oats, of which considerable quantities are exported from Quebec to the New England states. So the Conservatives are hoping that these adversities may have brought many farmers in this territory to a mood which makes them regard a change of Government at Ottawa as desirable.

The CCF remains very weak in Quebec, and is only credited with a chance in one seat, Verdun. Les Unions des Electeurs, the local Social Crediters, are remaining quiescent. So far the campaign in Quebec has been one of the least exciting in the memory of old-timers, and this is counted a favorable omen for the Liberals.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

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Foreign Affairs

Malenkov and Beria

SO THE KNOCK on the door at 3 A.M. has come at last for Beria, whose black marias have carried off so many millions in the middle of the night. He was to have "had it", almost beyond a doubt, in the famous doctors' case of last January, but was saved by the death of Stalin. The parallel between this case and that which Stalin framed against Beria's predecessor, Yagoda, who was also involved with Jewish doctors in the "medical murder" of two members of the Politburo, was too deadly to be missed.

The story of how Beria recovered his position and counter-attacked swiftly against Malenkov's grab for supreme power after Stalin's death was partially recounted in these columns at the time. It was a remarkable performance. Undoubtedly it was he who put out the call against "panic and disarray" in the country, to emphasize to the others in the Politburo that this was no time to permit any uncertainty as to the leadership and loyalty of the secret police. For that moment, he was indispensable. But while Beria had survived, Malenkov was grabbing for supreme power. Thrusting aside Molotov, who had been prime minister before and who was listed as Stalin's first deputy, Malenkov took over the premiership while also holding the chief Party secretaryship—the two top positions that Stalin held. Then he launched the sort of self-glorification in the press which Stalin had employed, having *Pravda* run a falsified photo from which Beria and Molotov were washed out and Malenkov moved into the foreground to stand alone with Stalin and Mao.

As I see it, Beria manoeuvred swiftly to gather the votes to check Malenkov, playing on Molotov's resentment and the fear and dislike which Malenkov is generally reported to have inspired in most of the others, and selling the idea of "government by committee." By March 14 Beria had the votes to force Malenkov to yield the Party secretaryship and content himself with the leadership of the Government.

At this point Beria, who, with his spies and informers in every walk of life was supposed to know best what the people were thinking, appears to have convinced a majority of the Politburo — but not, I think, Malenkov—that there were dangerous pent-up forces of popular feeling which it would be wise to release through a temporary policy of concessions. This was the way to establish the popularity of the new government. Certainly the new policy was exploited intensively as a means of establishing the popularity of Beria, the leader who needed it most.

His ministry took credit for the amnesty, and for the moderation of the harsh legal code which had sent so many to labor camp. He made himself the champion of the Jews, in the release of the Kremlin doctors, and the champion of the national minorities in denouncing the Russification of the Ukraine and the Baltic States. In Georgia he defended and restored to office leaders who had been ousted by Malenkov the year before as "bourgeois nationalists." It rather looks as if he used this policy of tolerance towards the minorities as a cloak for removing Malenkov's appointees and installing his own followers. This was a task to keep him busy, for Malenkov has been for years head of the Cadres Administration, placing men of his choice in party jobs throughout the USSR.

Thus Malenkov, with Stalin's backing, (or Stalin, working through Malenkov) had turned out Beria's protégés in Georgia, the home bailiwick of the police chief, a year ago last April. Some time last fall Malenkov, with Stalin's backing, had placed his man Ignatiev in charge of the Ministry of State Security. And through Ignatiev, Malenkov had put his own men in charge of the secret police of at least seven of the constituent republics of the USSR.

THE DAY Beria regained full control of the Ministry of State Security, on Stalin's death, and combined it with the Ministry of the Interior (controlling the slave labor camps), he kicked out Ignatiev. Malenkov was, however, still able at that time to secure for Ignatiev one of the five secretaryships of the Party. A month later Beria felt strong enough to pursue his revenge by publicly exposing the whole doctors' case and Ignatiev's role in framing it. This forced the Party to expel Ignatiev from his secretaryship, another humiliating defeat for Malenkov.

Meantime Beria had restored his position in the seven republics, placing his confidants in the combined Ministries of the Interior and of State Security, and ousting Malenkov's men. One of these appointments exposed Gusev, former Soviet Ambassador to Canada, as a high secret police official.

Beria's counter-offensive reached its peak in the removal of Melnikov as party boss of the Ukraine, on June 12. Here, for the first time, his activities reached right into the 14-man Politburo—now renamed the Praesidium—of which Melnikov was an alternate member and considered a follower of Krushchev and Malenkov. This is what spurred the others to act to check Beria.

The *excuse* for acting against Beria seems, from the calendar date, to have been provided by the outbreaks in Czechoslovakia and East Germany, and to a lesser extent in the other satellites. These must have thrown a great fear into the Soviet leaders that things could get out of hand and the trouble spread, uncontrollable, through the Ukraine, the Baltic States and other national republics of the Soviet Union itself.

I believe that Malenkov adheres to the Stalin policy of Russification of the minority peoples and severe repression of their "bourgeois nationalism", and that he was able to use the Berlin scare to win a majority in the Politburo for a quick return to this policy and abandonment of Beria's policy of appeasement.

It is clear as daylight that the attack on Beria was led by Malenkov. The official communiqué says that it was Comrade Malenkov who presented the report of the Praesidium (Politburo), on the criminal anti-party and anti-state activities of L. P. Beria, to the plenary meeting of the 125-man Central Committee of the Party.

Over and beyond the personalities involved, what we are witnessing is dictatorship seeking a dictator. Either it must find one, by its own methods, or the system must be changed. What Mr. Churchill sensed as "a change of mood" in Soviet Russia was not a change in the system of government. It was partly a politicians' competition for popularity with Party, Army and people, and partly an attempt to deal with the vast psychological release which the nation felt on the passing of the great tyrant. I think that the Soviet leaders felt that they were dealing with forces of quite unknown magnitude which had been bottled up ever since the Great Purge of 1936-38.

Stop for a moment to consider what the peoples of the Soviet Union have been through in Stalin's quarter-century, and how much of their normal reaction has been suppressed. All of them have been torn from their ancient way of life. 100 millions of them have been taught to read and write, and had the ideas of Dostoyevsky, Tolstoi and Gorki put within their reach. They have been carried through a terrible war, which took millions of them out beyond the sealed frontiers of Russia. They have been driven and dragooned into building, in mad haste and at great cost and pain, the second most powerful industrial system on earth. But from this they have had little direct benefit, in getting enough food to eat, or decent clothing to wear, or a home of their own to live in, or the easing of the pressure of life.

Sharply or dimly they must appreciate this. They must have felt a tremendous excitement to read in *Pravda* that autocratic rule is wrong, that there should be no more toadying to superiors, that there was to be an amnesty for many prisoners and an easing of the harsh laws that sent them to forced labor; to be told that the doctors' case and others were framed up and assured that from now on their individual rights, guaranteed to them in the Constitution, would be respected; to be promised daily that they would have more and better consumer goods; and to have their worries over a new war relieved by being allowed to read in their papers, in full text, a sensible exchange of proposals between Churchill and Eisenhower and their own leadership.

Now the events in Germany and Czechoslovakia have frightened the men in the Kremlin over what they, and Beria, have started. It looks to me as though Malenkov is going to try to revert to the tactics of Stalinist terror and Great Russian supremacy, working on the Russians' fear of an outside world conspiring to attack them. Obviously *our* reaction must be to try to stimulate the ferment.

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Letter from London

The Whirlwind in the Abbey

HOW COULD ANY POET, even Shakespeare himself, devise a spectacle for Westminster Abbey that could possibly compete with the glory of the Coronation? How could he invent any situation so dramatic, or clothe it in words so richly charged with poetry?

Those were the questions which Christopher Hassall asked himself when the Dean and Chapter of Westminster approached him with the idea of writing a post-Coronation drama for the Abbey. They were questions which must also have occurred to the Dean and Chapter themselves; and perhaps that was why they made the very daring choice of choosing Hassall as their man. For Hassall is not only a classical poet and a winner of the coveted Hawthornden Prize, he is also a man of the popular theatre. It was he who wrote the enchanting lyrics to the musical romances of the late Ivor Novello—*The Dancing Years, Perchance to Dream, King's Rhapsody*, and all the rest. He knew the art of "spectacle" from A to Z.

It was an intriguing situation: the poet sitting in his little house at Hampstead, high over the lights of London, which were nightly shining with greater brilliance, racking his brains to think of some story to which the world might listen, when the Captains and the Kings had departed. At last it came to him. It was a story of stark simplicity—the story of Martha, an ordinary British middle-class woman who suffers all the trials and tribulations which our women have suffered in the past thirty years, but who comes through it all, trailing clouds of glory.

He called it *Out of the Whirlwind*, and it had its first night before a distinguished audience. Distinguished, but puzzled. They did not know what they were in for; they did not even know how they ought to dress. There were women in print frocks and straw hats, and women in filmy, shimmering evening dresses. There were men in tails and men in tweeds, and there they sat, with all the glory of the decorations still hanging around them, waiting for the slight figure of Fay Compton to step from the darkness on to the golden carpet that had so recently seen another little figure acting the greatest role of all.

Perhaps it was inevitable that the critics in these strange circumstances were not quite sure how to react. A play in the Abbey, by a man whose songs—such as *Shine Through My Dreams*—had been played in every teashop in Piccadilly? A play that frankly set out, not only to impress but to amuse, to aim for what Ivor Novello would have called belly-laughs? Was that really quite "the thing", at this glorious hour in the old church's history?

They decided that it was not.

I am of a different opinion. I do not see why laughter should not echo in praise of God, nor why the simple story of an ordinary woman's life should arouse unseemly echoes, even if they are spoken in the shadow of the altar itself.

THROUGHOUT these past glorious weeks, when life in London has been a ceaseless cavalcade of color and excitement, there has been scarcely a jarring note. The meanest streets of the East End have vied with the palaces of Mayfair in the brilliance of their bunting; the workers of the docks have shouted themselves even hoarser than any of the rest of us, whenever the Queen has passed their way. It has remained for three Socialist MP's to provide the one discord that has marred an otherwise unanimous chorus of acclaim. First came John Freeman, who called the Coronation, and all the ceremonies which have been following it, a "glorification of every kind of anti-Socialist belief". Then came Edward Evans, who described it as "a disgrace". And that regrettably voluble female, Mrs. Barbara Castle, hoped that "it would be the last Coronation of this kind the country would ever see, utterly unrepresentative as it is of Britain".

To answer these sourpusses, let me introduce you to plain Leonard Osborn, one of the four thousand watermen and lightermen of the River Thames.

Leonard took me down the river the other night in a launch which bore the charming name of "Starlight". I was feeling dazed and drunk by all the color and the lights and the crowds. I wanted to collect my thoughts, out there on the grey, cool water—the water which has been called "liquid history".

Leonard helped me to do so. He was 33, small but tough, with a cheerful grin. He was so much a child of the Thames that if he were not obviously red-blooded you would say that its waters ran through his veins.

But Leonard was a man with a grievance. A Coronation grievance, too. However, it was not quite the same sort of grievance that afflicted the aforesaid trio of sourpusses. Leonard was hurt because he had been told that when the Queen sailed down the river later in the month, it would be the Royal Navy who escorted her, and not his own ancient company.

He stood there, this little Londoner, grimy but dignified. "You see, sir," he said, "we escorted the first Elizabeth. We're the right people. We think this river's something pretty big. We think it's the heart of London. And we know it as well as we know ourselves, all its tides and currents. All its moods. We *ought* to escort Her Majesty."

He paused while he steered past a group of barges piled high with esparto grass. "That's what they make the five-pound notes from," he commented.

Then he went on: "There's a very very ancient race in our company called the Dogget's Coat and Badge race. The winner of it bears the title of the Queen's Bargemaster, and he'd be the one who would captain the boat in which the Queen sailed. There are men who'd give their right hand to win that race, sir."

Well, it's not for me to take sides in an argument between the Royal Navy and the Ancient Company of Watermen and Lightermen. And in any case, as things have turned out, the Company, Royal Navy or no Royal Navy, has had plenty of escorting to do, with all the pomp of a thousand yesterdays. But I wanted to tell you about this lion-hearted little Londoner because I think that he, rather than the trio mentioned, is truly representative of the spirit of our great capital in one of its finest hours.

RAIN, RAIN, and still more rain; it seems that it has never stopped. It has rained so incessantly that the fronts of some of the buildings in Pall Mall, where the dye has run out of the bunting, look as though they had been color-washed. The lights on the great golden arches over Pall Mall were reflected so vividly on the glistening roadway that they might have been suspended over a lake.

As for Ascot! On the day when the Queen saw her horse, Choir Boy, win, there was a solid sea of umbrellas in front of the Royal Box. But under those umbrellas (what an extraordinary people we are!) the women had put on their prettiest frocks, pale silks and flimsy chiffons, more suitable to the Riviera than to our midsummer deluge. The Royal Family, needless to say, did not have to stand under umbrellas, and perhaps for this reason they had all chosen blue, as though to remind us that such a color did exist, even in the skies of England.

Certainly we had all the color we wanted at the gala performance of Benjamin Britten's new opera "Gloriana", which was one of the most brilliant occasions of the entire season—though most of the critics seem to agree that artistically it was a flop. On these occasions, what happens on the stage has to compete with what happens in the Royal Box, and as the Box had been decorated by Oliver Messel, the competition was formidable. The walls were lined with cloth of gold, against which Oliver had built two little temples, one to hold Britannia and the other to hold St. George and the Dragon. Instead of pillars there were gilded oak branches, and vast swags of flowers and leaves hung round all the balconies.

As a finishing touch, there was an immense chain under the box, woven from no less than three thousand fresh cottage roses! Would they be out? Would they be over? Would they be spoiled by the latest cloudburst? As it happened, the weather relented during the last crucial twenty-four hours, and the roses were at their peak of perfection. They even rioted over the balustrades of the great staircase, lined with Yeomen of the Guard, and Grenadiers in their scarlet tunics.

Most of the audience, I fancy, were feeling somewhat dizzy by the time they reached their seats, what with the perfume and the color and the glitter of jewels. And maybe that was one of the reasons why the opera, when it finally unrolled itself seemed something of a disappointment. We were in the mood for glory and pomp and swagger; we wanted to be reminded that the greatness of today was matched by the greatness of yesterday; indeed, if a miniature Spanish Armada had been projected on the back-cloth, and blown to blazes with pop-guns, while the orchestra played *Rule Britannia*, we should have felt that this was "just the thing". Instead we had a long and painstaking version of the quarrel between Elizabeth and Essex, in which neither of those persons was shown in a very favorable light. Indeed, they were portrayed as rather considerable bores, and whatever else they may have been, they were certainly not that.

Well, next time that you hear from me, the party will be over. The last of the decorations will be down, the last piece of confetti swept off the pavements. London will be her own grey, grim self again. And though the old lady's had the time of her life, kicking up her heels, I'm not sure that she'll be sorry to get back to normal.

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Music

The Elizabethan Qualities

IN ONTARIO, we are now in the thick of Shakespeare Festivals. In the quadrangle of Trinity College in Toronto, the Earle Grey Players are to be found again, this year with *Much Ado About Nothing, The Winter's Tale,* and *As You Like It.* In Stratford (Ontario), we can see Alec Guinness in *Richard III* and *All's Well That Ends Well.* Unfortunately, I am not one of those people who can see a vast upsurge in the Canadian Drama in performances, no matter how fine, of plays written by a playwright, no matter how distinguished, who has been dead for over three hundred years. Such absurd claims (not made by the promoters of either festival) only bring good work into discredit by asking us to praise it for what it is not, and thereby preventing us from praising it for what it is.

But along with these dramatic revivals, there have been arranged musical revivals. The Earle Grey Players have filled the Sundays of their Festival with programs of Elizabethan music. The Stratford Festival has arranged for an even more elaborate series of concerts in which the music is drawn from a much wider range of periods; somewhat unnecessarily, it seems to me. All the same, both these schemes are to be applauded, for it is appropriate, whenever there is a festival of the arts, that music should be represented, and it is specially appropriate when we are celebrating one of the great Elizabethans.

It is not only because Shakespeare himself valued music according to the highest standards of the Greek tradition, saying:

> *The man that hath no music in himself,*
> *Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,*
> *Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.*

These are the words of a man who knew music, and understood its uses, in life as well as in art. But although Shakespeare makes special use of music, as indeed he does of all his faculties and accomplishments, none the less a great love of music was entirely characteristic of the Elizabethans. It is for this reason that concerts are a particularly suitable accompaniment to an Elizabethan festival, although a real Elizabethan would have been much astonished at the idea of a public concert.

We nowadays fancy ourselves as musical people; by which we mean that we like to hear music. We like to *listen* to it much less; it is music as background that is usually provided for us by the radio and the juke-box. Certainly there is a place for such music, but it is not the first place. It is not a valid criticism of Stravinsky to say (as I have heard it said) that you wouldn't like to listen to him while you are doing the housework.

But the Elizabethans carried their love of music much farther. Some of their music, certainly, was only to be heard. This was usually the house music of wealthy people. Queen Elizabeth herself, dying in Richmond Palace, sent for the musicians to play in an adjoining room. Many Elizabethan string pieces are plainly written in a style which does not bear acute listening. It is rather tapestry music, rich, subdued, intricate, and suitable as background rather than foreground. Much more Elizabethan music was, however, intended to be listened to, and those who could afford house musicians would not as a rule set them to playing unless they might be assured of the company's undivided attention.

But by far the greatest part of Elizabethan music was intended neither to be heard, nor to be listened to, but to be performed. It is here that a great gulf is fixed between ourselves and them. We usually regard music as a means of entertainment, and entertainment, in our world, does not mean amusing ourselves by giving our spirits a scamper, so to speak. We entertain ourselves vicariously, by watching others, or even by reading about them in the newspaper. The football fan is not a man who spends his time kicking a ball about. He watches others do it, or listens on the radio to descriptions of them doing it. Similarly the music-lover is not a man who is forever scribbling tunes, or tinkling on a piano. He is a man who is listening to the radio, or records, or (much less often) going to a concert.

ALL THIS would have been very astonishing to an Elizabethan. Galileo's father, writing in 1581, said: "Music was numbered by the ancients among the arts that are called liberal, that is, worthy of a free man." This was the generally accepted view. To be proficient at music was not only one of the necesssary accomplishments of a gentleman; it was a necessary human accomplishment. To the Elizabethans, the performance of music took the place of our reading of magazines. In a barber-shop, in a waterman's ferry, anywhere a man might be expected to wait, a lute was provided for him to entertain himself by picking out tunes, and accompanying himself at singing.

When a party met for drink and amusement, it was thought quite natural that they should sing madrigals. Madrigals were written in many parts, and there was great freedom in performance. You sang as many parts as there were singers available, and filled out the remainder by playing on viols, and other musical instruments. Any combination was allowed, from the one extreme of all the parts being played, to the other of all the parts being sung. Madrigal books were often printed so that the various parts were laid out on the page facing different ways. In this way, the book could be laid flat on a table, the party could sit round it, and every one would have his part in front of him.

All this is a great enough difference between our attitude and theirs, but there is an even greater one, and one that demolishes a good deal of the talk we are now hearing of this being a second Elizabethan Age. Most of the music of the first Elizabethans was modern. What is more, they made far less distinction than we do between popular music and serious music. True, they did distinguish between sacred music and secular music, but even this distinction was a very blurry one, and there were frequent complaints that purity of style was continually being tainted, usually by composers who introduced secular licences into sacred motets.

But above all, they felt that their achievements in music were far greater than those of their predecessors. We feel that serious music is no good unless the composer is dead. Popular music, on the other hand, we feel is no good unless it is brand new. The Elizabethans, too, were charmed by novelty. They had a high esteem of themselves. The great flowering of their culture did not come from scrupulous performances of music three hundred years old.

Now it is not sensible, of course, to suggest that these concerts associated with the Shakespeare festivals should have been got up as performances of community singing, or anything of that kind. It is just that we must distinguish between our love of music, and theirs, which I think was the truer. We can, if we wish, so listen to the Elizabethan music, as to make us realize what we are missing in our own music: freedom of style, for one thing, musical settings that correspond to the natural rhythms of speech, for another. Above all, we should notice that this Elizabethan music is almost always meant to be *done,* as well as listened to. Certainly some of it is very difficult. It was often complained of the greatest Elizabethan song writer, John Dowland, that his music was so hard that none but himself could perform it.

All the same, we should recognize that its prime characteristics are great virtues that our music largely lacks. First, the dichotomy between popular and serious was much less sharply marked. Secondly, it was written for general private performance. Thirdly, it was entirely modern. Fourthly, being modern, it reflected the rhythms and habits of living speech with a freedom which has never been excelled, and seldom equalled. These are the Elizabethan qualities (often shared by Elizabethan drama), and until we realize this, we shall continue on the vapid assumption that a coincidence in the name of the reigning monarch is going to be sufficient to illuminate our own art with the glory of a second Renaissance, come to its golden harvest.

LISTER SINCLAIR

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Saturday Night Press

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Sports

Some Racing Prints

IN THE OTHER EVENING, your turf adviser was thumbing his way through the pages of a Daily Racing Form chart, more than 25 years old. Having been unable to pick more than three winners at the current Fort Erie meeting, it was pleasant to recall the days when I sneaked out of boarding school to bet successful four-horse parlays in partnership with Tony, the bootblack at the Empress Hotel in Victoria. I flunked algebra regularly but I took very high marks in Monte Onliwon Speed Ratings. I burned out six sets of flashlight batteries studying the Speed Ratings in bed during one term but still showed enough profit to buy myself a C-Melody sax, a tenor banjo and a pair of tailored white flannel trousers with 22-inch cuffs. Hot ziggety!

What caught my weary eye in the old record book was the form chart of a race at Colwood Park in Victoria. The winner was a mare named Bee's Wing, owned and trained by Asah Smith.

Colwood—there was a race track for you! The course had been hacked out of the evergreen jungles of Vancouver Island, and a view of a large portion of the backstretch was obscured by a mound of rock in the infield. What transpired when the horses disappeared behind those rocks will be disclosed only if the death-bed confessions of certain jockeys are made public. The homestretch was uphill and, on a clear day, one could hear the horses gasping like beached flounders when they reached the furlong pole.

In my school-days, the trip to Colwood was made from the Empress Hotel in an open-air sightseeing bus piloted by Barney Olson, who had cornered the sightseeing market in Victoria. The fares were collected, en route, by an enormously stout man named "Winnipeg" Chilton.

While Olson guided the creaking bus over the narrow Island highways, "Winnipeg" made his perilous passage along the running-board, pocketing the half-dollars. There was a standing price of 10-to-1 against him completing a round trip without being dismembered. However, he outlived the Colwood race track (which was abandoned in the early Thirties) although there is an apocryphal story to the effect that, one damp afternoon, he left a generous portion of his trousers on the rear-vision mirror of a passing two-ton truck.

Asah Smith lived hard by Colwood in a spot known as Goldstream. This sylvan retreat took its name from the fact that it was situated on the main stream up which the salmon fought their way to the spawning grounds. In the spawning season, the water turned to gold as the salmon struggled over each other, swimming, crawling and leaping in their frantic haste to reach their predestined goal.

In those not-so-distant days, cougars roamed the hills around Victoria and, occasionally at night, one of them even might venture on a Victoria city street.

One night, Asah and his lady heard a terrifying uproar from their barn at Goldstream. They heard the screams of a cougar and the answering screams of his old mare, Bee's Wing.

Tears as large as light globes rolled down Asah's face as he reached for his bedroom slippers. "I'd go out there and defend her to the last—but it sounds as if the last just passed," he said to his wife. His remarks were punctuated by more assorted screams and then, a heavy silence.

"Give her a decent burial," said Mrs. Smith mournfully as Asah picked up a lantern and his 12-gauge shotgun and trudged out into the barnyard. Before venturing forth, Asah had the foresight to give himself a slight fortifying dash of cough syrup.

Half-way across the barnyard, he heard the steady chomping of jaws. Suddenly, remembering his chawing tobaccy, he returned to the house and fortified himself against the evils of the night. Emboldened, he crossed the barnyard again, kicked open the door and stood with his shotgun at the ready.

There, in her stall, munching her oats contentedly, stood Bee's Wing. Kicked to a pulp in one corner lay the cougar.

"You old hussy," said Asah indignantly, "you kicked so many holes in his hide that he won't make a decent rug for Mrs. Smith." With which he poured two more quarts of oats into Bee's Wing's feed-tub, gave her an affectionate whomp across the rump and returned to the house.

AT THIS point, your agent relies upon the unimpeachable evidence of Mr. Asah Smith. Mutual friends, who visited his home some years later, found his sitting-room decorated with half-a-dozen unmarred cougar skins.

"It happened thisaway," Mr. Smith would explain, sitting back with his dogs planted comfortably on a convenient ottoman.

"I realized that Bee's Wing was the best cougar-hound in the country. We waited until the winter. Then one day, we saw a cougar sittin' out on the ice of the frozen stream. Well, I turn the old girl loose and she chases the cougar up the stream and then she chases him down the stream. She chases him up the stream and she chases him back.

"Finally, the cougar is so tired that he has to sit down to rest. Naturally, he's sweating, and, as soon as he sits down, he freezes to the ice.

"So, I walk up to him and I slit his hide right from his chin down to the base of his hips. Then, I bring Bee's Wing up behind him and she lets him have it—with both hind feet.

"Naturally, the cougar leaps right out of his skin, leaving me and Mrs. Smith with a perfect hide for the sitting room."

And that, kiddies, is why Asah Smith still is known around the North American race tracks as "Cougar" Smith.

Any old racing enthusiast could fill this entire paper, of course, without ever getting out of low gear, but I have only sufficient space at my disposal to tell you of my old friend, High-Ball Kelly. This anecdote illustrates, once and for all, that although race-trackers may be poor credit risks, they are men of their word.

High-Ball was a good horseman and he could imitate the scream of a stallion with shocking authenticity. One evening, High-Ball crept up behind a couple who had tarried, after dark, on a bench on the Club House lawn of Winnipeg's Whittier Park. With rare timing, High-Ball emitted the cry of the stallion.

The young lady of the couple raced away, never to be seen again. The young gentleman ran down the highway, never looking back until he was arrested for speeding just north of Minneapolis.

Well, one day, High-Ball was tap-o and he borrowed $500 from Jim Speers, owner of the Winnipeg race tracks.

"I appreciate this, Mr. Speers," said High-Ball solemnly, "and may I be struck dead if I don't see you at the gates of Long Branch, in Toronto, on opening day."

Mr. Speers made a special trip out to Long Branch on opening day and, sure enough, High-Ball was waiting at the gate.

"I told you that I'd see you here on opening day, Mr. Speers, and here I am," said High-Ball, "and now I'm off for Narragansett Park."

With which he shook hands heartily with Mr. Speers and sauntered down the road.

Mr. Speers looked at his empty hand—a hand in which he had expected to find $500.

"Well," said Speers philosophically, "High-Ball was as good as his word. He only said he'd SEE me here on opening day."

JIM COLEMAN

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Snoring is more tragic than comical because the victim is the listener rather than the sufferer. Exceptions occur, especially when the spouse is a sound sleeper. An acquaintance of mine sleeps in the same bedroom with a trio of snorers—her husband and two English bulldogs. She deserves a medal.—*Toronto Star.*

Why not a kennel?

•

Stockings seem to be the hottest part of our clothing. Make use of the many good leg make-up products. Many of these are water-proof. You can also buy water days when you wish to look proof mascara for swimming glamorous.—*From a Beauty Column in the Toronto Globe and Mail.*

Why in the water get, when so much trouble it is?

Books

For the Light of Heart

A BRANCH of literature little cultivated on this continent and almost unknown in Canada is what might be called Light-Hearted Scholarship. We have our learned men, of course, and some of them bear their learning with a fine dignity. They are scholars in the tradition of Duns Scotus. But where are our scholars in the tradition of Rabelais? Where are the men who cultivate learning, not for livelihood and in hope of a university chair, but for the glory of God and for the entertainment of themselves and, incidentally, for the amusement and instruction of mankind?

Offhand, I can think of only one such book by a Canadian writer. Doubtless there are others, but I do not remember them now. It is *Four Georges,* a study of four very minor Canadian poets, by William Arthur Deacon. *Sarah Binks,* admirable in its kind, is not such a book, for it deals not with fact, but with fancy which might very easily be fact. The scholarly approach, united to the merry heart, is a great rarity among us. We think of learning in terms of the snail-like progress toward the Ph.D., and the selection of a "field" or area of learning, in which the Ph.D. seeks to make a name. Having found his field he cultivates it with jealous care, elbowing and jostling all the other zealous husbandmen who are in it, until he is at last rewarded as "a big man in the James field" or even *"the* man in the Borrow field." It is all very worthy and no doubt it keeps the scholars out of the pubs, but it is of no general interest.

Light-Hearted Scholarship, on the other hand, is of general interest and it appeals to a person neglected in Canada, the Intelligent General Reader. The I.G.R., I maintain, is the foundation stone upon which any great national literature is built. Professors are happily able to live for generations by taking in each others' intellectual washing, but the books they write are not literature; they are works of scholarship, and they are growing duller and duller. There was a time when a work of scholarship might also be a work of literature; Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* is such a work and in our own time Livingston Lowes' *The Road to Xanadu* is another. But books of this sort in which the I.G.R. can take pleasure are few, and Canada is not adding to their number.

Do I hear mutterings? Yes, of course such books demand much of the reader. Oho, is that so? Well, what makes you think that Canadian readers are not prepared or able to give so much? Let me tell you, whoever you are, that there are more I.G.R.s in Canada than you seem to think. Let's have some Light-Hearted Scholarship, and see what happens.

However, until we have something of the kind in Canada, we must import it, and today I want to turn your attention to three books by Reginald Reynolds, an Englishman. He holds no university post, and I do not think he has a university degree; he is not Dr. Reynolds, at any rate. But he is a scholar; that is to say, he is a man of great curiosity and wide-ranging mind, and he writes for the I.G.R. He has no field, but he is surely one of the world's great experts on at least three things—beds, beards and sewage disposal. He has written a wonderful book on each of these subjects.

Again I hear mutterings, and the word "trivial" makes itself heard, like water bubbling out of a bottle. Trivial be damned! You sleep in a bed, don't you? You have a beard, I presume, or your husband has one, even though he shaves it close? You occasionally, I suppose, resort to the conveniences of plumbing? These things are not trivial if you seek to know much about them, and Reginald Reynolds is the man to tell you. And he will tell you light-heartedly for all his formidable array of scholarship, for he is a merry fellow and knows that learning need not be dull and narrow.

CONSIDER his book which is called *Beds.* What do you know about the *Lit de justice,* from which Kings of France were wont to give judgements, and in which they occasionally opened parliament? Louis XIV was the last to use one. Are you acquainted with the *Lit de parade* in which women were wont to receive visitors and gifts after childbirth? Did you know that within living memory babies were used as hot-water bottles in Newfoundland? That Richard III always had a huge bed moved through his military campaigns for his personal use? That Saxon beds were so slanted that Saxons slept, and died, almost on their feet? That it is only recently that the Boers of South Africa have taken up the (to them) indecent custom of removing their clothes before retiring? Do you know what bundling really was, and how it worked? Reynolds knows all these things, and brings evidence (like the most hag-ridden Ph.D.) to back up his astonishing facts.

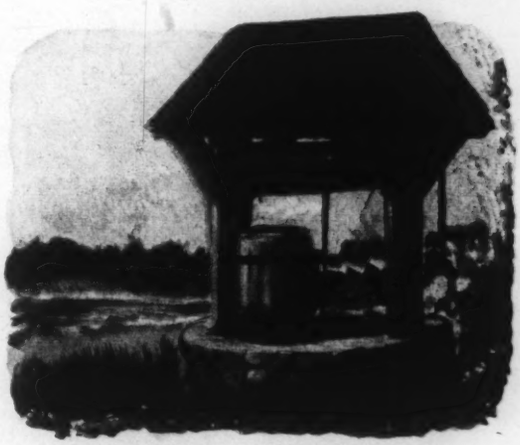
So also in *Beards.* Mankind has worn his beard more often than he has shaved it, and it has been a special focus of theological dispute. During the ages, such as the Norman, when we are accustomed to think of men as clean-shaven, they were more properly describable as close-clipped. A shave once a month was agony enough; it was not that they could not make razors but because they lacked soap. Monks, even though they knew about soap, declined to use it, calling it *lascivium*: they were shaved six times a year, with cold water. Ponder on that. Can we wonder that there were special prayers to be said before these periodic skinnings? Can we wonder that shaving off the beard was prescribed as a heavy penance for laymen? In 1880 a plea was made that soldiers might wear beards, as a protection against chest diseases when on night guard. And in all ages but ours shaving a man and cutting his hair short has been symbolic of castration, and the first step taken against a prisoner of war. Such age-old ideas die hard and we will no doubt abandon our curious modern custom in time.

My own favorite among Reynolds' books is *Cleanliness and Godliness,* in which we learn much about sewage and plumbing, with a just but not excessive emphasis on the water closet. Mark this: Reynolds' claim to be a great figure in Light-Hearted Scholarship may rest upon his ability to write learnedly and wittily about water closets without once becoming coy, smutty or Chic Saleish. This is always a good test of a man's wit; can he be funny about natural functions without sniggering? Reynolds always carries his learning like a gentleman.

It is not chiefly for its astounding array of incidental facts that I like this book, though I am happy to learn of all the great men of history who, for one reason or another, died in the privy. My favorite, I think, was the medieval bishop who was shot from below with an arrow, while *in situ.* Charles of Spain, a Holy Roman Emperor, was born in a privy. (Incidentally, Reynolds omits mention of a President of the U.S.A. who died in this curious situation; international courtesy makes certain demands on scholarship.) But what I like best is his strong and well-reasoned appeal for the processing of all sewage and its return to the soil. This is a cheap and necessary reform long practised in Holland, in some places in England, and by the intelligent citizens of Milwaukee, but not, so far as I know, anywhere in Canada. Let us hope that within a century the custom will be universal and that every community will return to the soil what it takes from the soil.

I have praised Reynolds at length, and with enthusiasm. Not only are his books excellent in themselves; they are examples of that too-rare Light-Hearted Scholarship which is such a relief from much which, in deeply serious circles, passes for important scholarship. Reynolds has put his trust in the Intelligent General Reader. So do I. And the I.G.R. in Canada sorely needs recognition.

ROBERTSON DAVIES



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Black God in Search of Himself

IN THE WELTER of American novels published this season, Richard Wright's *The Outsider* stands like a monolith among squat prefabricated houses. Many of the American novels being turned out may be as competent, but they are hollow. They have skill but either say too much about too little or pretend that artifice is art and will suffice. Wright is a tragedian and artist. Craft and thought are his tools only; life is his impulse, art his medium.

Is the trouble with most American novels that their writers are too ambitious to write, and too busy writing? This is only Richard Wright's second novel. His first was *Native Son* published in 1940. There have been an autobiographical sketch and some essays between—including his contribution to *The God That Failed*, the deposition of a dozen notable literary Communists who had renounced Communism. Such reticence suggests that Wright does not write until he has something to say and can say it from recollection in tranquillity.

The troubles of our proud and angry dust are from Eternity and shall not fail, Housman wrote. Cross Damon's proud, dark flesh (he is the central figure in the novel) ran him into troubles, but these were less than what his thought created. His proud and angry *mind* set him apart from others, made him murder four people and drove him into a hell of loneliness, fear and despair.

It is a terrible story, violent and emotional, of a man who believed himself innocent of heart. Cross Damon was merely searching for meaning to life and for his life (a godlike search, surely). He negated what he touched and destroyed himself.

Cross Damon did not look for belief, only for a rationale—the why and how of action and process. (There is much of Jean-Paul Sartre around this novel.) Damon is unhappily married, with children. He leaves the family's flat in a Negro quarter of Chicago but continues his financial support by means of a job at the post office. He had worked there since marrying and quitting his university course. He takes to his thoughts, to drink to quiet them, and to a girl to smother them. When the girl cannot have him soul as well as body she turns on him and reveals that she is not sixteen, as she said, but younger. So Damon is liable to imprisonment for statutory rape.

A subway accident gives him the chance for freedom of body and soul. He is presumed killed in the wreck and goes to New York. This breaks his life in two. He has to kill a man who recognizes him in a Chicago bawdy-house, where he has sought anonymity before leaving for New York. His other killings were more rational, equally impetuous and detached.

The crux of the novel is the train trip to New York. Damon realizes then that he is an outsider, not because he is a Negro but because he is a man of thought and believes in nothing. On the train he encounters District Attorney Houston, who is a hunchback and thus considers himself an Outsider like Damon. Houston becomes the novel's *raisonneur*. But Damon is an outsider primarily because of his mind and senses, not because of his physical condition, his dark skin.

At the end, Houston at his job runs Damon down to psychological ground. "Damon, you were an outsider. Why did you choose to live that way?" he asks as death, imperishable release, comes to the tortured murderer.

"I wanted to be free . . . I loved life too much".

"And what did you find?" Houston asks.

"Nothing . . . The search can't be done alone".

He echoes Lear's fool: Ex nihil, nihil fit.

There are two long discourses near the end of the book. The one by Damon is credible though confused; credible because of the passion and numbing tragic experience behind it. The one by Houston is not. When Mr. Wright moves from the intensity of feeling to the intensity of thought, he gropes—perhaps because profound ideas are beyond this artist's rational grasp. A novelist feels life, a philosopher studies it. For this reason the author's passages on Communism interfere with the novel.

T. J. ALLEN

THE OUTSIDER—by Richard Wright—pp. 405—Musson—$3.95.

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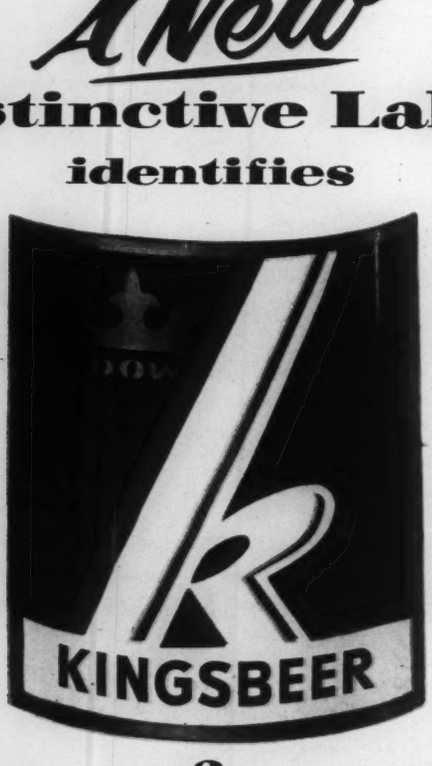


a
Distinctively Canadian
Lager

RICE BREWED TO THE CANADIAN TASTE

Far-Flung Adventures

WHAT MAKES adventurers venture? Probably the same spirit, in active form, which makes readers tingle to their accounts. Here are four books, very different in kind, but all reaching far beyond the tourist world. Each has its own emanation of courage, vagabondage, or the remote and wonderful.

Sudan Story is the most impersonal of the four, far-flung, rather than adventurous. The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan is sketched vividly and analyzed simply, like a supplementary textbook for a high school class in geography and history. The story goes in stereopticon views from Gordon and Kitchener to the Sudan's present social and political conditions. The author affirms that the struggle of the Sudanese and the help they received from Britain and some of Britain's ablest sons are his theme. Illustrations good.

Beyond Horizons is another book calculated to blend interest with instruction. It is a skilful recapitulation of adventure and discovery focused on several sixteenth and seventeenth century voyages and includes the passage of Cape Horn and Captain Bligh on the *Bounty*. The main stories are chunky excerpts from contemporary logs and journals. These are linked by the author's editorial comment and elaboration to form a continuous narrative of the development of ships, sailing techniques and exploration by sea. The author has been a seafarer and has a loving familiarity with old exploits. A good school library book.

Wanderlust is excitingly and fantastically what its title says. It is the story of a modern sea vagabond told by himself, Hans de Meiss-Teuffen, in collaboration with a self-effacing, able writer, Victor Rosen. De Meiss-Teuffen has sailed the seas in his own boats, little and a little bigger, some of them somewhat seaworthy. It is a remarkable career for, of all people, a Swiss.

The author left five years on a banker's chair (his relatives are important Swiss bankers) in 1933 at the age 22 to step into Lord Henry's limousine. He drove this bizarre Englishman to the south of France. Lord Henry "was the sort of person who attracted adventures as other men attract creditors". So is de Meiss-Teuffen. He never returned to the main ways of orderly society except to write some articles and to lecture to Americans on his exploits.

He is, one feels thankfully, not a Richard Haliburton. He seeks adventure for its own sake, not for notoriety or copy. During the war he acted, for the Allies, as a paid agent of the Germans. Every page of this book is a romance of adventure, daring, odd ducks or extraordinary scenes. Wonderful stuff, happy, too; told with intelligence and perceptive humor.

I Drank the Zambezi is a different kind of adventure. The author, Arthur Loveridge, is a distinguished naturalist and a writer of enthusiasm about his haunts and researches. His particular passion is snakes. This and disappearing wild-life took him, his wife, his sister-in-law and a Dodge truck to Nyasaland in 1948. His searches for specimens lead him to high plateaus, through raw and barren country, into marshes, and along the banks of the Zambezi into Portuguese Mozambique. He classified earthworms, lizards and snakes, and caught with his hands, or shot, creatures as various as frogs, boomslangs and baboons. He is scornful of "ill-informed liberals" who believe that African natives are capable of self-government. This naturalist's safari is one to keep general readers bewitched on their sofas.

All four books are interestingly illustrated.

SUDAN STORY—by John Hyslop—pp. 136—Burns & MacEachern—$1.90.

BEYOND HORIZONS—by Carleton Mitchell—pp. 312—McLeod—$4.95.

WANDERLUST—by Hans de Meiss-Teuffen—pp. 328—McGraw-Hill—$4.80.

I DRANK THE ZAMBEZI—by Arthur Loveridge—pp. 296—indexed—Musson—$5.00.

In Brief

IT ALL STARTED WITH COLUMBUS—by Richard Armour, illustrated by Campbell Grant—pp. 115—*McGraw-Hill*—$3.30.

An attempt, and by no means a bad one, to provide the U.S.A. with its own version of *1066 and All That*. The suggestion that "suffrage is pain caused to women by unaccustomed exercise of their franchise" is characteristic of the book, but there are some heavy-handed passages.

WITHIN THE FROSTY NIGHT—by Flora Sandstrom—pp. 319—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.00.

A good, rousing historical novel, boldly and vividly written, about the wretched Mary Tudor, whose difficult, fearful, frustrated life is related in frank but selective detail. She was the football of Fate; unhappy as a child, forced to declare herself illegitimate, cursed with a particularly depressing sort of bad health, unhappily married, and at last deserted, Mary knew no happy hours except those which her faith gave her. This book is plainly written as an explanation and justification for her persecutions of the Protestants, and it presents the Catholic argument with skill and vigor. Nevertheless, the record of Mary's acts is plain, whatever may be said to justify them. This may be recommended as first-class, intelligent entertainment.

THE DYBBUK—by An-sky, translated by S. Morris von Engel—pp. 68—*published by the author at Winnipeg.*

A new translation of the classic of the Habima Theatre, which is one of the great imaginative dramas of this century. Mr. Engel's notes and introduction are interesting and valuable, and only a Yiddish scholar could say whether this is a more faithful translation than the familiar one by Henry Alsberg and Winifred Katzin. It is not, however, such a good acting version, as the English is not of such a firmly dramatic quality.

REBECCA REDFERN—by R. P. Lister—pp. 220—*Ambassador*—$2.00.

Wayward and satirical, this book tells the story of an amoral but pleasing girl, her friends, her lovers and her husband. The setting is postwar England. To describe the involutions of the plot would take more space than we have, but very roughly it is about magic, about love, about the way in which men and women can convince themselves that what they want to do is quite the best thing that can be done—about people, in fact. Seven of the characters relate the incidents of the story in their own words, and this excellent device is cleverly exploited to bring out the inherent humor of the tale. A good, funny story.

THE PLAYER'S BOY—by Bryher—pp. *McClelland & Stewart* $3.25.

Against an authentic background of the Jacobean theatre this book relates the story of James Sands, an actor's apprentice. A weak and dreamy boy, he loses his first master, undergoes some hardship with his second, and at last becomes the protegé of Francis Beaumont, the playwright. He falls in love with the daughter of Beaumont's friend Fletcher (who, oddly, is never mentioned as Beaumont's collaborator), but this brings him no joy, and at last he is killed in a tavern brawl. The book ends with the sentence, "I knew that I was dead." The book is beautifully and economically written, but it is a tale of decline, uncertainty, filth and sudden death, as England slithers from the age of Elizabeth towards the age of Cromwell. Every incident ends with a dying fall, and the reader is left sick with a sense of frustration and hopelessness.

THE BEST SHORT PLAYS OF 1952-53—edited by Margaret Mayorga—pp. 348—*Dodd Mead & Co.*—$3.25.

Ten one-act plays, all technically competent but ranging from pretentious to unbearable in writing and theme. Two of the worst are by teachers of play-writing.

MY UNCLE LOUIS—by Robert Fontaine—pp. 294—*McGraw-Hill*—$4.50.

A sequel to *The Happy Time* in which the author continues his whimsical and often cov recollections of his boyhood in Ottawa. Those who liked the previous book will probably like this one. French atmosphere is provided by writing in a style which seems to be a direct translation of French syntax; Gallic *esprit* is provided by such expressions as "Name of a blue cow! Name of a name of a name!"

THE BEST I EVER ATE—by June Platt and Sophie Kerr—pp. 224 and index—*Clarke, Irwin*—$4.00.

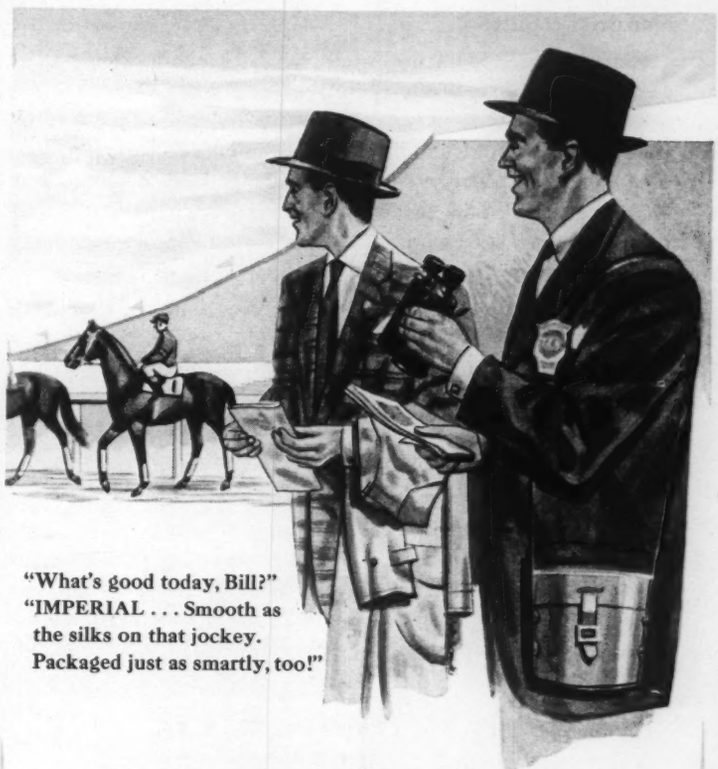
Sophie Kerr writes about foods in the only possible way—that is, so that you want to try her suggestions at once. This is a book which will cheer and inspire the woman who is cudgelling her brains for really good new ideas for meals. The book is distinguished in its appreciation of simple foods, beautifully cooked and prepared. The recipes by June Platt are international, and are given in so much detail that even a beginner will be able to carry most of them through without panic or fumbling. A book for our time, in that it assumes that the cook is also the hostess, has no help, but is prepared to take some trouble and appreciates good food.

PENROSE ANNUAL 1953—a review of graphic arts, edited by R. B. Fishenden—*Clarke, Irwin*—$7.00.

This annual collection and commentary upon fine typography, printing and allied crafts is familiar to everyone who loves them. The 1953 volume is fully up to the usual exacting standard and will give the usual satisfaction. It would be a great thing if a copy of this book could be given to the proprietor or foreman of every printing office in Canada, for although at our best we do some good work in this realm, our general standard is not nearly high enough. The most exciting work in the book, to the present reviewer, are the pieces of what we call "job printing"—programs, pamphlets, etc., which can be done so well and which are usually done so badly.

NO MORE MEADOWS—by Monica Dickens—pp. 333—*Michael Joseph*—$3.00.

Catherine Cope, an English girl, marries an American naval commander partly from love, partly to get away from her job and her home. She finds the life of a Navy wife in Washington depressing, but when she returns to England for a visit she finds herself a stranger there. She falls in love with an Englishman (who is disposed of a little too conveniently by the author) and when she confesses this to her husband, it looks as though their marriage might at last settle into a limited happiness. Unfortunately, both parties are so stupid that the reader cannot hope too much for them. The power of the book lies in its shrewd distillation of a certain kind of English life, opposed to a certain kind of American life; the book is not likely to be popular in the



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Canada is rich in natural resources . . . probably richer than any of us dreams. While these resources have been here for ages it really has been only within the lifetime of most of us that the savings of Canadians have been used in their development. People of other countries have helped, of course . . . but Canadians may take pride in knowing that it primarily has been their own savings . . . and their own ingenuity that have been responsible.

But getting back to your vacation, we would like to make a suggestion . . . after you admire the beauty of the country take time for a second look . . . take time to realize what the real natural wealth of this country means to you and to every other Canadian. If you do we think you may get just as enthusiastic as we are about the soundness of Canadian investment.

When you get home you may want information on some situation which has caught your imagination, or perhaps some assistance in drawing up a program of diversified Canadian investment. If so, we can help you. This is your invitation to write us or to drop in to any of our offices.

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U.S.A. However unjust the implications of the term, this is what is called "a woman's book."

THIS HAPPY RURAL SEAT—by George Lanning—pp. 270—*Nelson, Foster & Scott—$4.50.*

An attentuated story of intellectual intrigue among two women and a man, and the memory of a third woman, upon which the dead hand of Henry James lies so heavily and coldly that the author's obvious talent is very nearly smothered by it. This is a first novel, and it has been declared to show promise, but until Mr. Lanning gets off his knees from before the tomb of James it would be risky to give a positive opinion one way or the other.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF HOME FREEZING—by Hazel Meyer—pp. 438 and index—*Longmans, Green—$5.95.*

Useful to anyone who owns a home freezer. A great deal of scientific and practical information about preparing and wrapping foods, pleasantly presented. There are also tips, useful to anybody, about how to defrost and cook frozen foods to the best advantage. Likely to be a dependable book for a long time.

AN EXILE IN SOHO—by Mrs. Robert Henrey—pp. 343—*Dent—$3.50.*

Though a well-told tale of life among the poor in Paris and London, this book misses excellence because it is too long; the writer has not been able to resist the temptation to tell all. It concerns the life of a chef, Etienne Leblanc, who marries twice, and his children and his step-daughter Marguerite. The portraits of the women are done with truth and insight; Leblanc never fully comes to life, and we are not convinced of his skill in his trade. Here is a book which is less than good by a writer who is very good; that is a different thing from a bad book.

For the Young (Ages 6 to 10)

MR. PUTTERBEE'S JUNGLE — by Ruth Helm with pictures by Madeleine Gekiere—*Oxford—$2.50.*

Because Mr. Putterbee never trimmed his garden it became a jungle and when an inspector pestered him to cut it, and he entered it for the first time in 17 years, he found that a tiger had been there for five years, and didn't want to leave. The neighboring twins came to Mr. Putterbee's aid, and the tiger arranged an interesting compromise. Told in a solemn and factual manner which is very funny, and the illustrations are on the same high level of wit and understatement as the text. A distinguished piece of work. *Child*: "It's nice to have a Tiger that makes so much *sense*".

BOY TROUBLE — by Rosamond du Jardin — *Longmans, Green—$3.00.*

The foolish adventures of Tobey Hayden, a teen-age nitwit, and her boy friend, Brose Gilman. *Child*: "Junior novel, eh? Too junior for me, thanks".

B. E. N.

Chess Problem

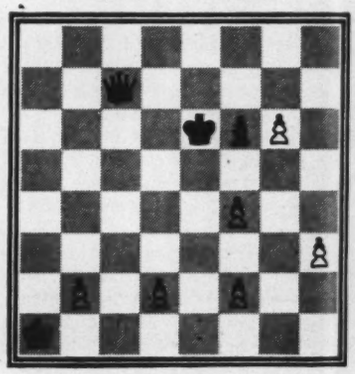
PROBLEMS in which the white Pawn combines more or less in force are a rarity, but recently a search brought a few to light. Two of them, with the Pawns acting as guards to give picturesque mates, make good companion problems. One is a little four-mover by the great Wolfgang Pauly, who was born in Bucharest in 1876. It was Alain White's favorite problem in the whole of the Rook domain, that important group in which the white force is limited to Rooks and Pawns, and which formed the subject of two of his books. This inspired gem has a beautiful key, but the Pawn play is the chief feature. "The setting is a wonderful one; give it one good look and the unique position of those Pawns will never be forgotten," wrote Mr. White:

White: K on KKt6; R on K3; Ps on Q2, Q4, KB2, KB4, KR2 and KR4. Black: K on KKT5. Mate in four.

1.K-B7, KxBP; 2.P-B3, K-B4; 3.R-K6, etc. 1.K-B7, K-B4; 2.P-R3, KxP; 3.P-Q3, etc. 1.K-B7, K-R4; 2.R-KKt3, KxP (K-R3; 3.R-Kt5); 3.P-B3, etc. 1.K-B7, KxRP; 2.P-R3, K-R4; 3.R-K6 or K8, etc.

Problem No. 23, by V. Schalit

Black—Two Pieces



White—Eight Pieces

White to play and mate in three.

Our diagrammed three-mover is the other one of the companion pair. Problems in which the black force is confined to King and Pawns are known as intimidated problems. Pauly's four-mover, with the lone black King, is of the "solus rex" variety. With a greater black force than Pawns we have intimidating problems. These terms rarely appear now.

Solution of Problem No. 22

Key-move 1.Q-B5, threatening 2.R-Q4 mate. If Q-Q6; 2.Kt-Q4 mate. If Kt-QKt4; 2.Kt-B5 mate. If Kt-K2; 2.P-Q3 mate. If KtxR; 2.QxB mate. If KKt any; 2.R-B5 mate. If QxKt; 2.BxQ mate.

A fine heterogeneous half-pin. Here we much admire Mansfield's constructive skill in restricting the Kt on Kt3 without any plugging.

"CENTAUR."

Business

Effects of Artificial Interest Rates

By C. M. SHORT

STRICT GOVERNMENT control of interest rates, assumed about 20 years ago when bold financial measures were regarded as necessary cures for depression, has justified some of the inflationary and social welfare hopes of authorities who designed this control, but has confounded other aspirations of those experts.

The authorities, taking the view that the Great Depression was mainly, if not entirely, a financial crisis, decided that financial measures were about all that were required for economic recovery. Monetary economists had for many years built up the interest rate as a powerful instrument of control. They idealized the experience of Britain before the First World War, when that country was the world's economic centre and in bad business weather would invite other countries, particularly those with great undeveloped resources, to borrow from her vast accumulated wealth to open up new lands to settlement, transportation and other facilities. At the same time, Britain was prepared to accept, almost without restriction, the goods and services that her borrowers could offer in repayment of the loans she made for their development.

What the authorities responsible for monetary actions of the 1930's seem to have overlooked or ignored are the great structural alterations in world economy resulting from the First World War. The transfer of financial power from Britain to the United States changed the latter in a few years from a debtor to a creditor position in world finance, and it had to learn how to conduct itself in that new position, either in crediting or in importing.

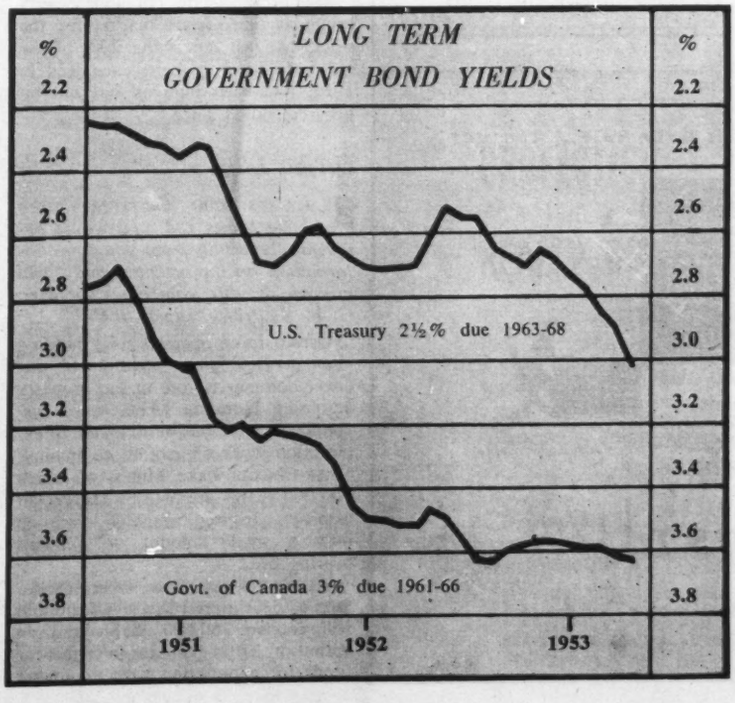
Some British economists, taking a new and perhaps heretic approach to the question of interest, polled a number of businessmen on their views as to interest costs in their current operations and in their future investment decisions. The consensus was that interest was a minor element in costs, as well as in new capital expenditures. Such opinion was, of course, correctly based on the practical view that the costs of production and trade are made up mainly of those for raw materials, labor and distribution.

In the face of this practical view, monetary economists, without abandoning altogether their idea that economic recovery could be gained simply by offering low interest rates to stimulate the idle resources of the Great Depression, advocated low interest rates as a means of redistributing national income and wealth. In other words, the interest rate on the investments of thrifty people, in government bonds, was to be reduced so that the income of those people would be partly turned over to the so-called under-privileged classes by government handouts. This idea, of course, was just what vote-hungry politicians had been looking for.

The idea had some authoritative validity in the gospel according to Keynes, the brilliant British economist who in the early 1930's set out to create a new economic world. Keynes went so far at first as to speak frequently of the "euthanasia of the *rentier* and the functionless investor." Later Keynes seemed to have some misgivings about capital being available without anyone having to pay a rental or interest charge for it. But many of his followers adhered rigidly to his earlier teachings, so as to make their inflationary and social welfare schemes possible under easy money conditions—easy borrowing by governments, at easy money rates, with the inevitable easy spending.

In this process, inflationary pressures mounted as governments and their central banks were forced to provide more and more funds to keep money cheap for growing social welfare services. And as more money was required for these services at lower interest rates and higher taxes, thrifty people had to make more sacrifices. Finally, the interest rate on high-grade bonds was reduced below the 3 per cent level that European investments paid 300 years ago, when investment income went much further in goods and services than in this modern age.

At the same time, the supply of private investment funds was reduced as people with such funds were forced to accept lower yields and pay higher taxes and so had less money to reinvest. Moreover, some of the incentive for new savings was lost as interest rates were pressed down. Accordingly, new capital formation was made more difficult for private interests and governments could only relieve the situation by setting up lending agencies of their own and subsidizing certain organizations and classes of people to maintain or increase production.



The worst sufferers from all these policies and actions were retired people on fixed incomes and those nearing retirement. Many of these people were well beyond the earning stages of life, while others were reaching the end of their working days.

Beneficiaries of estates were also heavily penalized, as lower interest rates cut their incomes. We need not waste much sympathy on the beneficiaries of the biggest estates, but they are greatly outnumbered by others whose modest means were acquired mainly through their own work and savings. Endowment funds for educational, scientific and charitable institutions were also hit hard, as academic officials and social workers have pointed out.

CONTROL of interest rates by governments led eventually to control in one form or another of lending and borrowing, which made not only for even greater inflation, but also for rationing of credit at times and even for discrimination in lending. In such cases the development of new economic resources may be at the discretion of politicians or of officials in government lending agencies.

Government control of credit also necessitates control of the government bond market, if this is to be kept in such good shape as to be receptive of new issues. Large refunding operations may require the same pegging of government bonds, or other financial measures, as those recently made in the United States. There, financial authorities lowered the rate of reserves that commercial banks are to carry with the Federal Reserve System, in order to provide for a broader credit base for these institutions and so ease money conditions which had tightened since the Korean affair and which, if they tightened further, might seriously interfere with the American Government's refunding of over $20 billion of maturing obligations during the next few months.

This move admittedly was inflationary and may result in an upward pressure on commodity prices.

Financial authorities in Canada have not gone quite so far in applying all the controls and techniques as those in some other countries, notably the United States and Britain, but the Canadian case seems to require special comment. Until the early 1930's, the money market in this country was one in which interest rates performed the historic functions of governing the demand and supply of funds for investment and guiding them into reasonably safe and productive channels. Such funds came from voluntary savings and loans based mainly, if not entirely, on economic conditions.

During the Great Depression the decision was made in Ottawa to institute monetary measures to relieve economic distress and to pave the way for a redistribution of wealth and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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Gold & Dross

Bathurst Power

I WOULD *like some information on Bathurst Power and Paper "B". I have some stock that I purchased at 12 and am wondering what to do with it.—H., St. Stephen, NB.*

Bathurst, with its wholly owned subsidiaries Shipping Containers Ltd. and Kraft Containers Ltd., is a fully integrated manufacturer of paper boards and paper boxes. Its operations are geared mainly to the domestic market now; export markets have been restricted due to currency difficulties, and increased competition and price weakness in pulps.

Reduced sales and prices of pulps and higher operating costs were reflected in a decline in net profits from $3,485,927 in 1951 to $1,825,895 in 1952.

At the present price of 15, the stock, in the decline from the January high of 22¼, has reached a level where the unfavorable developments have been fully discounted. The present dividend of $1 now provides a yield of 6.7 per cent and appears secure, according to second quarter sales indications.

With working capital increased, by the sale of $6 million in debentures, to $13 million, the company appears to be in excellent financial condition, and if earnings show the improvement expected the stock should respond.

A recovery to about 18 seems possible. Thus retention of your stock at this time seems advisable.

Cobalt Badger

I HOLD SHARES *of Cobalt Badger Silver Mines, purchased at 35 cents . . . What is the prospect? — W. A. A., London, Ont.*

The prospects do not appear very bright as there is no market for the stock. At last report the shaft of the old Villa Lead property, acquired in 1951, had been pumped out but no progress noted since.

Osisko Lake

I HAVE *some shares in Osisko Lake Mines Ltd. and would appreciate receiving from you some information on the activities and background of this company. — Mrs. G. R. S., Prince Rupert, B.C.*

Osisko Lake operates as a holding company and since attempts to discover commercial ore at the property adjoining Noranda Mines were suspended in 1951 has participated in exploration work with other companies.

At Chicobi Lake Mines, of which 500,000 shares are held by Osisko, an extensive drilling campaign disclosed only a small amount of mineral-bearing ore.

At West Wasa Mines, where Osisko took a 45% interest in a syndicate that will receive 360,000 shares and an option on 270,000 shares in return for funds for exploration work, diamond drilling so far has encountered fair copper-zinc silver values. Whether the drilling program will develop sufficient ore for commercial operations to be resumed at this property, which was previously operated by Aldermac Mines, is a question that must await further drilling results for an answer.

From the market action of the stock little interest has been displayed in its prospects. The long decline from 1951 high of 1.70 has been extended to a recent low of 49 and little evidence of a turn toward recovery is apparent.

Marcus Gold Mines

SOME TIME AGO *I bought some Marcus Gold Mines Ltd. at 20 cents. I would like your opinion as to whether it has any future. Shall I take my loss or buy more and bring my average down?—E. K. S., Toronto.*

The drilling program carried out by Cochenour Willans Gold Mines on the Marcus property has met with only limited success so far. Further work will be carried out this summer. In view of this rather doubtful outlook further purchases hardly seem advisable. As present market action does not seem too good, a stop loss order under 10 is suggested.

Bruck Mills

WOULD YOU *give your opinion on Bruck Mills Ltd. "A" and "B" shares as a long term investment if purchased at this time?—I. R. S., Sudbury.*

With the world-wide textile slump continuing, and all Canadian manufacturers seriously affected by large-scale imports of textiles, the outlook for earnings by Bruck Mills cannot be considered as too good.

Net earnings showed a steady decline from the 1949 high of $1,054,974 to the $373,539 reported for 1952. As inventories remain high at $3,510,978, a figure which is well above working capital of $2,563,642, it is possible that the downtrend in earnings will be extended.

The declines in both issues from their highs of 24 and 15½, marked in 1951, to their present levels of 16 and 6¾ seem likely to continue to a test of the 1949 lows of 14 and 4.

Thus these stocks do not appear to be attractive as investments at this time.

Kirkland Lake

MAY I BE *favored with a report on Kirkland Lake Gold Mining Co. Ltd?—V. E., Peterborough, Ont.*

The present price of 59 cents, which is the lowest Kirkland Lake has sold at since 1943, reflects the difficulties the company is encountering in its efforts to maintain production at profitable levels. After paying consecutive dividends since 1934, the company has had to suspend them to protect working capital, which de-

creased from .$613,426 in 1951 to $558,320.

With the bulk of mining operations now being conducted below the 5,000-foot level, costs of operations are gradually increasing and hold little promise of reduction despite the ability of the management. About the best that can be hoped for is that costs will not erase the modest profit of $107,248 earned from gold mining operations.

Some hopes are held for the Labbe asbestos property of Adstock Mines, in which Kirkland Lake has a 25 per cent interest. Drilling has outlined a zone of mineralization which may prove up to commercial grade when detailed diamond drilling can be done next winter.

Petrol Oil and Gas

WOULD YOU *consider Petrol Oil and Gas a good buy at this time? What are the prospects of this company?—K. R. W., Toronto.*

With the current market price of 45 cents over-valuing total assets by a ratio of about four to one, this stock does not seem to be an attractive buy at this time.

Although the company has varied interests in 16 producing oil wells and 100 per cent interest in 44 gas wells in Southern Ontario, the company is operating at a loss—$2,636 at last report. Working capital of $235,252 will have to be reinforced considerably if extensive development work is to be undertaken.

Canadian Dredge

WOULD YOU *please discuss Canadian Dredge and Dock Co., Ltd. from the standpoint of a safe long term investment. I am more interested in dividends than watching the market.—Mrs. F. D., Brantford, Ont.*

As a company engaged in the highly changeable construction business, Canadian Dredge does not appear to be a good selection for your purpose of long term stable investment. Since 1948 the common stock has risen from a low of 16 to a high of 58¾ in 1951 and moved between 45 and 54½ this year. Dividends in this period have ranged from zero to the $1.70 paid in 1952.

As this rate represents a yield of only 3.4% on the present price of 50, which is less than can be obtained on high grade bonds, the stock cannot be considered attractive for investment on a yield basis.

Jet Oils

WOULD YOU *please give me your opinion of the value of Jet Oils Ltd. at 35 cents per share. I bought some at 80 and am debating whether to double up at the present price or switch into another oil where the resources are more apparent.—J. M. M., Toronto.*

Jet Oils has minority interests—less than 25 per cent—in 30 producing wells and 3 capped gas wells. The share of the estimated oil reserves owned by Jet on these properties amounted to 900,000 barrels as of last December. Net production income for 1952 was $53,417, which failed to cover costs and resulted in a deficit of $185,752.

Comparison of total assets of $727,431 to the 3,588,507 shares outstanding gives a value line of about 20 cents per share and the present market price of 35 represents a market overvaluation ratio of 1.75 to 1.

Thus switching into a larger company with more than a million dollars in working capital would seem to be better than averaging down, which merely expands your risk.

Bevcourt Gold

I HOLD *some Bevcourt Gold Mines Ltd. stock that was purchased at 1.30. I understand that it is a very promising mine, and at the present price of 39, should I purchase more?—T. C., Montreal.*

Considering the difficulties the gold mining industry is laboring under, with high costs and a reduced selling price, it would not appear advisable to invest further funds in this company. This opinion is reinforced by the fact that the July 1 option instalment, comprising 100,000 shares at 75c, has not been exercised by the underwriter.

Gold mining, with the price of its product rigidly fixed within narrow limits, is primarily a depression industry. In poor times the spread between operating costs and selling price widens considerably and permits profitable operations. At present the situation is reversed, and the gold mining industry is in a depression, and only the major companies which can continue to pay dividends can be considered as investments.

In Brief

CAN YOU *give me any information on Coraloraine Mines?—F. J. M., Dalhousie, NB.*

This company is listed as dormant.

ARE *Clifton Consolidated Mines active or not?—J. T., Montreal.*

Inactive since surface work and drilling done prior to 1950.

CAN YOU *give me any information regarding Crestaurum Mines?—H. M., Port Hope, Ont.*

Listed as inactive since 1947.

COULD YOU *tell me if Harrison-Hibbert is a good investment at the present price of 8 cents?—P. A. M., Cobalt, Ont.*

It does not appear to be an investment.

I HOLD *Arctic Oil stock at 50 cents. Should I buy more and average down?—A. B., Lethbridge.*

Averaging down is not recommended.

CAN YOU *tell me something about A & M Gold Syndicate?—A. M. S., Toronto.*

Search of the dormant companies list does not show any record of this company.

SOME YEARS *ago I bought shares in Manitoba Basin Mines. Are they of any value?—M. V. T., Vancouver.*

Not much. Reported as idle with $500 cash.

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Toronto, June 25, 1953.

NOTICE

is hereby given that North American Casualty and Surety Reinsurance Corporation, has been granted by the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, Certificate of Registry No. C 1416 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Accident insurance, Automobile insurance, Credit insurance, Guarantee insurance and Theft insurance, limited to the business of reinsurance only.

Robt. F. Clark
Chief Agent for Canada

Ashley & Crippen

STANLEY H. YOUNG: He joins the tea line-up.

Who's Who in Business

ONE HUNDRED YEARS ago this summer in a small bakeshop along Toronto's Yonge Street the foundations were laid for the business which today sells its products from coast to coast. The firm of Christie, Brown & Company, Limited (along with Christie's Bread Ltd.) whose sales in the past seven years have increased 200 per cent, has retained a friendly, informal atmosphere despite its growth, its 1,500 employees and its affiliations with the enormous U.S. National Biscuit Company.

Elected president of Christie, Brown in 1947, and of the bread company the following year, white-haired and 60-year-old Stanley H. Young sets the pattern by his relaxed and amicable relationship with his staff. The door of his mahogany-panelled office is never closed, employees need no appointment to see him and each morning, on the stroke of ten, he joins the line-up for tea and doughnuts in the firm's downstairs cafeteria.

As a child he worked after school and on Saturdays in his father's grocery store at Sunderland, Ontario, and it was there he gained his initial knowledge of the food business and sales methods. He also acquired a taste for sweet foods which makes his obligation to sample all Christie's new products a pleasant duty—but does nothing to help in keeping his weight down. (At present he's 200 lbs. and 5 feet 8½ inches.)

The fact that so many thousands of Canadians share his tastes has recently necessitated his firm's expansion into a modern, lake-side plant outside Toronto where its chunky (his own description) president can gaze through large picture windows at the hundreds of employee-owned cars. He's proud of this growing prosperity but modest about his own share in it.

"Not very long ago nearly everybody came to work on the streetcar," he says, "and now our parking lot isn't big enough for all the cars. It's team-work that's brought that about, everybody working for the common benefit."

Stanley Young has been an authority on team-work ever since the days he pitched for the neighborhood ball team. In World War I he remained a buck private, but this hasn't affected his relationships with the dozens of former majors and colonels who work with him on various charitable and philanthropic projects. For the past five years he has been Chairman of the Ontario Branch Campaign Committee for the Red Cross and recently became President-elect of the Ontario branch. Currently he's also concerned with organizing help for the new Queensway General Hospital, to be built not far from the Christie plant.

In World War II, Christie's gregarious president found his talents for

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

COMMON STOCK DIVIDEND NO. 58

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of 25 cents per share has been declared on the no par value common stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending June 30, 1953, payable August 31, 1953 to shareholders of record at the close of business on July 31, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S.,
Secretary.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the Great American Insurance Company, New York, has received Certificate No. C 1420 from the Department ,of Insurance, Ottawa authorizing the company to transact the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

J. H. Harvey,
Manager for
Canada.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the American Alliance Insurance Company, New York, has received Certificate No. C 1419 from the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, authorizing the company to transact the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

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making friends very much in demand. He was kept busy organizing patriotic campaigns by both the National War Finance Committee (of which he was Toronto Chairman) and the food industry (National Chairman).

Mr. Young first got into the bakery business early in the 1920's when he joined the Telfer Biscuit Company in Toronto; his only previous full-time job had been a stint as a $5-a-week bank clerk before the war. When Christie's took over the Telfer company, he became successively office manager at Toronto, sales manager for Western Canada at Winnipeg, general sales manager in Toronto, and a director of the company in 1939.

Between times, he met and married (in 1923) Miss Myrtle Wilson, and their married daughter, Shirley, like the rest of the family, is well known to the firm's many long-service employees who have watched her grow up and regard themselves as honorary godparents of her two children. Mrs. Young herself has always taken a great interest in the firm and accompanies her husband to company gatherings in his green Buick car.

In his spare time, Mr. Young likes to paint and fish. Recently, when his friends went off on a trout-fishing expedition, he had to attend a function of the Association of Canadian Advertisers. His friends returned with a fine catch of three-pound trout, but Christie's president landed a medal: it was inscribed, "for outstanding services in advertising".

JOHN WILCOCK

Interest Rates

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

income and for consequent social welfare plans.

When the writer was consulted on these schemes, he ventured the opinion that while interest rates in this country might be lowered, they should not be reduced to a point less than 4 per cent on long-term government bonds. His view, founded on the fact that investment risks were greater in this country than in more highly developed nations, was supplemented by the statement that cutting standard interest rates below 4 per cent would mean hardship to many people of small means — widows, orphans and retired farmers, in particular — who would have few, if any, opportunities to recoup their losses.

The official answer was that a big new money market had to be formed in this country which would involve large issues and reissues of government securities both of short and long terms, the latter eventually to be on a 3 per cent basis. One of the first requirements of this policy was to be a reduction in the bank interest rate, that is, the interest paid on savings deposits in banks.

We have since tasted some bitter fruits of this policy—a bank interest rate cut in half to 1½ per cent; bond yields at times below 3 per cent; and unnecessary degrees of inflation, reflected in high living costs.

In defence of this policy it might be argued that it was undertaken first at a time when private capital seemed incapable of effecting economic recovery from the worst depression the world had ever experienced. Moreover, monetary economists could claim with some justification that the rich should contribute more to the support of the poor.

Furthermore, it could be argued that stabilization of government bond prices was helpful to investors even though the yields on their bond holdings were abnormally low.

The credits in this balance sheet are more than offset by the debits: the decline in the purchasing power of money resulting from inflation; the loss of private investment funds in the post-war period of economic reconstruction; the tight credit conditions which have coincided with new capital requirements for additional economic resources at the same time that governments needed more money for social, armament and political purposes; the reduction in the income of many old people who had striven by their own efforts to place themselves in an independent position. Above all, government credit managers must share the responsibility with their political superiors for the high taxation that their plans have imposed on almost everyone.

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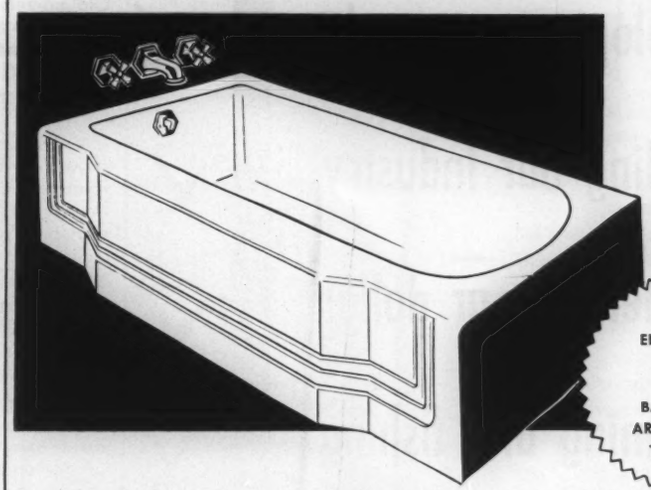
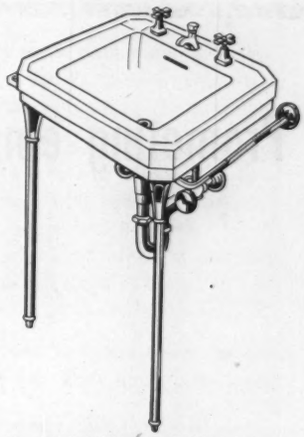
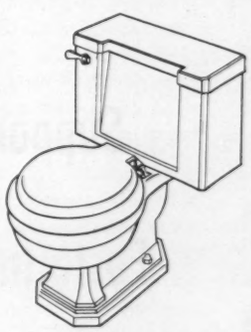


ONLY ENAMELLED CAST IRON BATH TUBS ARE MADE IN THIS SIZE



The ROXBURY LAVATORY—A popular choice for modern bath or powder rooms. Made of genuine vitreous china — with Chromard non-tarnishing fittings, metal legs and convenient towel rails.



The COMPACT CLOSET—Genuine vitreous china close-coupled tank and bowl. Permanently non-porous and non-absorbent—easy to clean and keep clean. A free-standing unit that needn't touch the wall.

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✓ Old markets expanded, new markets opened up . . . Canada third largest trading nation in world . . . External trade at all-time high . . . Negotiated mutual tariff concessions with 34 countries — a practical way of freeing international trade.

Expanding our Industry

✓ Liberal policies have encouraged rapid economic growth . . . Unprecedented development of resources . . . Consumer purchases doubled since the war . . . Investment in new plants and equipment running over $5 billion a year.

Strengthening our dollar

✓ Budgets balanced . . . National debt reduced . . . Inflation brought under control . . . Taxes lowered . . . Canadian dollar strong.

Supporting farming and fishing

✓ These basic industries aided by trade agreements, floor prices . . . New low-cost insurance plan assists owners of smaller fishing vessels . . . Farm production and income at record levels.

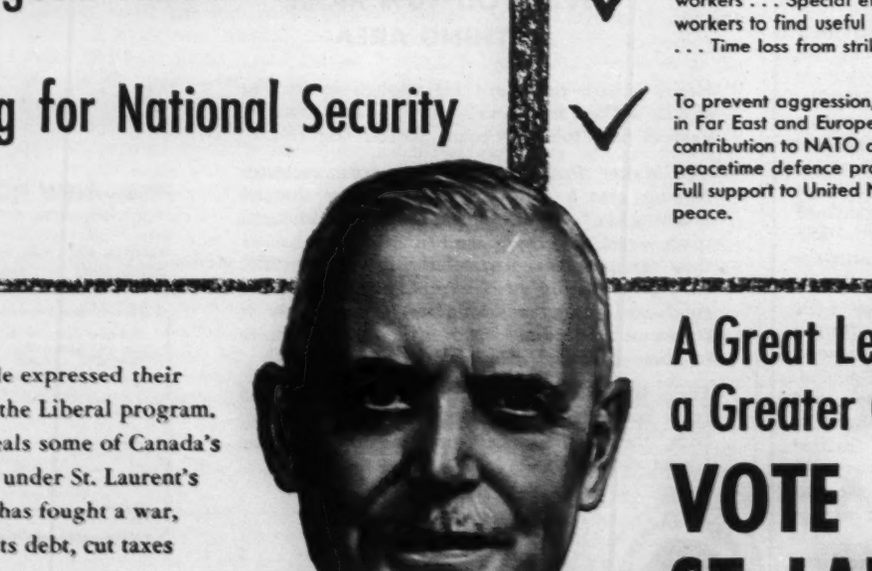
Fostering good labour conditions

✓ New federal legislation prohibits discrimination on grounds of race, colour or religion . . . Unemployment insurance extended to cover seasonal lay-off workers . . . Special efforts to help disabled workers to find useful and satisfying employment . . . Time loss from strikes at low point.

Working for National Security

✓ To prevent aggression, Canada's forces serving in Far East and Europe . . . Canada making major contribution to NATO defence build-up . . . Largest peacetime defence program in our history . . . Full support to United Nations . . . all to preserve peace.

NATIONAL LIBERAL FEDERATION — UNITY SECURITY FREEDOM



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Now there's another big job ahead. And Louis St. Laurent has proved that he, more than ever, is the Canadian best fitted to do the job.

A Great Leader for a Greater Canada — VOTE ST. LAURENT

Women

Louis-R Astre, Paris

COTTON: red and green plaid, from George V Boutique, Paris.

Conversation Pieces:

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- Budgets balanced . . . National debt reduced . . . Inflation brought under control . . . Taxes lowered . . . Canadian dollar strong.

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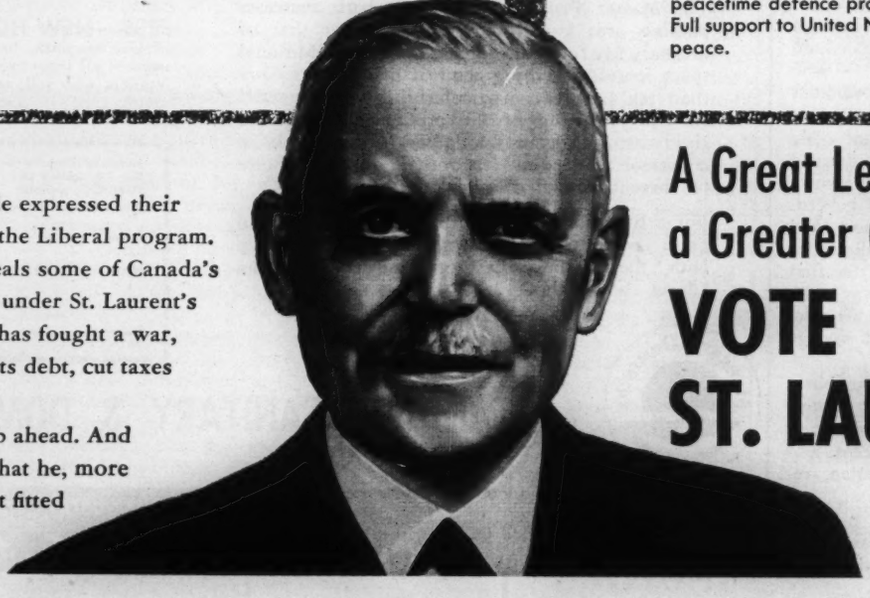
NATIONAL LIBERAL FEDERATION
UNITY SECURITY FREEDOM



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In No Man's Land, A Male Invasion

By MARGARET ECKER FRANCIS

JUST ABOUT the time Christine Jorgensen jokes were being whispered in boudoirs and wash rooms, the Vancouver *News-Herald* appointed John Ray its women's page editor. The city's press clubs, male and female, had a new twist to their turnabout anecdotes.

Ray, writer of the five-year-old column, "No Man's Land", gave a Gallic shrug, and muttered in his Boyer voice that, after Nazi torture in prisoner-of-war camps, minor irritations cannot matter.

"I called my column 'No Man's Land', because I like to be there," was his comment. "Frankly I like being with women. Through my European background I am more interested in women than I think Canadian men are."

The ladies love it. They love to read, and meet a man who makes no secret of the fact that he thinks they are all irresistible. They love his oblique references to a dark and tragic past in Europe. "My life has been so strange, so full of darkness . . ."

They have twinges of jealousy when he confesses that he battled a sale day to buy "her ladyship" nylon stockings, "a shade I like, a size she dislikes, the one that fits her." He has made it clear that he is a bachelor, and his readers make it clear that they think his private life is straight from Colette.

They gather in receptive audiences when he makes one of his frequent radio appearances, or speaks to women's clubs in a soft, heavily accented voice, extolling the virtues, the potentialities, the capriciousness of women who, according to him, only need to be understood to be appreciated.

When Switzerland turned down votes for women, Ray, in a column headed "Swiss miss bliss", groaned: "I am chagrined to see such fine people making a poor decision, as full of holes as that famous Swiss cheese . . . Only women, endowed with far more common sense and human decency than men, may be able to rekindle mankind's spirit." That's us, say his followers, beating on their bosoms (34 to 44).

One disciple phones him regularly at midnight (he doesn't know her name) just to hear his voice, "so it will be the last thing I hear, before I drift into dreams."

After a recent broadcast, a radio station asked him to do a midnight "Lonesome Hour" program, aimed at other palpitating women who might want to take his voice into their dreams. "I refused," explained John Ray, with characteristic eye and shoulder gestures, "because I didn't feel like going to bed with strangers at that hour of the night."

As a women's page editor, he has reached out and embraced, figuratively at least, a new public. Women's pages in Vancouver probably take up more space than anywhere in Canada. Snob-appealing social notes are pushed into the background, as the editors concentrate on fashions, cookery, women's clubs, picture features, news stories of interest to women, interviews with outstanding personalities.

"It was felt," said Ray, not shackled with false modesty, "that a man was most suitable for this job. I am good at page makeup, I am equipped to bring Page One news techniques to women's pages. Through my column, in which I always write about women, it was assumed I knew about women. I really don't. Who could be an expert in the vast subject? But I look up to them. I am interested in women, in what they wear. I always fall in love with women with a tremendous wardrobe."

Then he revealed the secret of his success, prodding the secret hate of any woman journalist who has ever slaved on social pages:

"I really enjoy dealing with mothers and brides. I see happiness in their eyes. I know it is a great day for them, and to me it becomes a great day. I can never consider women a commodity with a capital W. I see each one as an interesting individual."

When Barry Mather, of the *Sun*, twitted him on his appointment as society editor, Ray replied, "It's lots of fun living in a woman's world, so to speak. Now I don't have to be logical; I can rely on instinct, as they do. To me it is no embarrassment, only pleasure, being the only man at a woman's function. Most women are less dangerous than men, and they are more perceptive readers."

John Ray might disillusion some of the public, in the flesh. Like so many men with tall-dark-and-handsome voices, he turns out to be a pocket edition; five-four, to be exact. But he is athletic, dark, and good-looking, and his lack of physical stature doesn't worry him one little bit.

"Men who are not too tall, mothers with sons without height, should not worry," he propounds. "I have no complexes, but I know I should never wear a hat, nor should I smoke [illegible]. He sticks to cigarettes, "And men must never, never, fall [illegible] with taller women!"

Women, he bemoans, take advantage of shorter men. "Th[illegible] age woman is probably abo[illegible] height. But then she puts on [illegible] inch hairdo, five-inch shoes. [illegible] not for me."

Then, with a noncommittal [illegible] and a lowering of shadowed [illegible] he indicates there has been a [illegible] quate supply of women in his [illegible] six years, from Budapest to P[illegible] Trinidad, from London to M[illegible] to Vancouver. But no wife, ye[illegible]

"I want to marry an int[illegible] woman, but maybe you will sa[illegible] one call a woman intelligen[illegible] would marry me?" He is quick [illegible] a joke against himself, but th[illegible] serious, sombre note creeps in. [illegible] recently, I have been a man w[illegible] roots, without a home, one dc[illegible] marry . . ."

"Once in Vancouver, when [illegible] I felt I had roots, I was on the [illegible] but I found my mistake in time. [illegible] I get married, it is for love, an[illegible] for life. Perhaps I have too [illegible] respect for women to choose li[illegible]

Ray, who now has a better [illegible] mand of the English languag[illegible] has the average Canadian, ca[illegible] the stream of thought away fron[illegible] are obviously deep hurts, with a[illegible] But the wounds, romantic to hi[illegible] lic, stage-dressing to his critic[illegible] there.

LIKE many Europeans of h[illegible] eration, he does not talk [illegible] family. He was born in Budap[illegible] Hungarian-French parents, a [illegible] national. He spoke French, Ge[illegible] Spanish, Hungarian and Italian[illegible] ing pleasant school days in E[illegible] He was writing a bit, and toyin[illegible] several careers, when 1939 too[illegible] into the French army.

June, 1940, found him nea[illegible] Belgian frontier. On his bir[illegible] June 9, "at the historic m[illegible] France fell," a bomb nearly end[illegible] career. Severely wounded, thou[illegible] be dying, he was captured b[illegible] Germans. One arm was com[illegible] mangled. "I wouldn't have it, s[illegible] as it is today, if I hadn't spoken[illegible] man." The Nazis were about to [illegible] tate it, "but when I pleaded in[illegible] man, they were flattered th[illegible] Frenchman spoke their langua[illegible]

Then a nightmare began—a [illegible] march with his arm unatte[illegible] prisoner-of-war camp; being lin[illegible] before a wall each morning [illegible] threat, for four months. But f[illegible] since he was considered to b[illegible] ing, from the effects of his orde[illegible] was discharged, and he made hi[illegible] to Marseilles, where "half the[illegible] world" jammed the port, tryi[illegible] escape from Europe. He finally [illegible] passage aboard a Vichy-French[illegible] the *Winnipeg*, bound for Marti[illegible] "Always I have a soft spot [illegible] heart for Winnipeg, now I [illegible] Canadian."

He describes the voyage as [illegible] thing "straight out of *A Midsu[illegible] Night's Dream*." There were t[illegible] nights, beautiful women, C[illegible] spies, a chase and capture [illegible] Allied warship. "Pro-British, I [illegible]

Eric Lindsay

JOHN RAY, women's page editor of the Vancouver News-Herald, *and staffer Patricia Frew, looking at Ray's column,* No Man's Land.

happy, I couldn't hide it, so I was almost thrown overboard by pro-Germans."

Then he made his way to Trinidad. "No money, but the first tropical island I had ever seen. It put me on my feet physically and spiritually. It taught me English, put me down in the middle of a highly exciting life." Until 1947, he served with British security, did a "highly confidential job" for the U.S. Navy, and worked on a Trinidad newspaper.

"Trinidad gave me a language and put me on my feet. I had always been fond of the British way of life, and in Trinidad I came in contact with all I thought was fine. There I began my love affair with the English language. People born with it don't realize its versatility. Now I think in English, eat in English."

Impatient with classroom methods, he admits, "Oscar Wilde was my English teacher. His language is simple, beautiful. I was so captured by his vocabulary that I read all his works."

From Trinidad he moved to London and a job with the BBC. "But I realized Europe was dead to me. I felt the pull of a western country." Typically, he came to Canada on a ship whose chief cargo was war brides.

He had heard of Vancouver from a French consul in Trinidad, and after trying Montreal and Toronto, he pushed westward. "I was at the end of my rope, money-wise, when the *News-Herald* gave me a temporary job." That was in November, 1947.

After tours of duty as reporter and desk man, he tried his hand at the column, "No Man's Land," in May, 1948.

Feminine Vancouver ate it up—the meanderings of this witty European, intoxicated with English puns and full of continental advice to the ladies.

Ray warns his public against himself. "My accent has been a curse to me," he confesses. "But women, being either romantic or nostalgic, find it attractive. If I were a woman, I would prefer a Canadian, who is honest and natural. A woman knows where she is with a Canadian. She does not, with a continental. Women think of us as great lovers, but with a continental, it is often superficial, skin deep."

Like so many new Canadians (he was naturalized last fall) John Ray thinks Canadians do not appreciate their country as a newcomer does. "I am always defending Canada against Canadians," he says sadly.

Thinck This Over

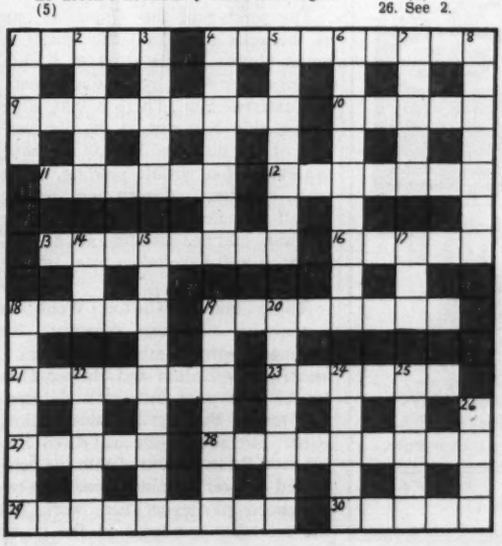
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1, 4. Though they may be, the gang who rob without violence won't hang together. (5, 2, 7)
1, 11. Find the hick dead from a hangover? (11)
4. See 1 across.
9. See 16.
10. These orchestral players were the Alpha and Omega to Corelli. (5)
11. See 1 across.
12. What a pal aunt proved to be to a native of Gulliver's Travels. (7)
13. A good one shouldn't be in the dog house, yet he is. (5, 3)
16, 9. One who is, will fill the sitting room! (5, 2, 3, 4)
18. Nautical but nice if it's a smile. (5)
19. Stimulating to find it in a fine cafe. (8)
21. Name one flower. (7)
23. Sounds like it's away when we're away. Bon voyage! (6)
27. Is there a Dali likeness of him on Treasure Island? (5)
28. Dickens of a hypocrite who took eight quarts with a scornful expression. (9)
29. Damn larks who regard our hats as such! (9)
30. Though a man may be, off his feet, he doesn't necessarily fall for the girl. (5)

DOWN

1, 8. These sensitive people might feel a tanning more than most. (4-7)
1, 18. One who is has a slim chance to be on the track of a fattening diet. (4, 2, 1, 4)
2, 1 across, 26. Those who were, during the Battle of Britain, still had a thin time. (2, 3, 5, 2, 2)
3. What the dough-boys had to do? (5)
4. An article repaired is improved. (7)
5. But there isn't any if the gal is up to the minute, as it were. (4, 3)
6. For a change, Cain and Abel get soft-hearted when they're together. (9)
7. His master is no hero to him, it is said. (5)
8. See 1 down.
14. One couldn't make boners without one, of course. (3)
15. O sip, mumsy, at the Greek drinking party. (9)
17. Now, admit it! (3)
18. See 1 down.
19. Ivy's just a big baby! (7)
20. This mule spoke before Drake, perhaps. (7)
22. She helped to make a swell entertainment for the Lady of the Lake. (5)
24. It may be fine to be presented at court with these. (5)
25. She had nothing to live for, it seems. (5)
26. See 2.



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Toulouse-Lautrec
9. See 25
10. Agamemnon
11. Amulets
12. Tadpole
13. Salute
14. See 20
15. Gnat
18, 21. Jose Ferrer
20, 14. Tip-toe
21. See 18
26. Moidore
27. Overact
28. Identical
30. Roman
31. A finger in the pie

DOWN

1. Turbans 2. Unusual
3. Overeats 4. Sparse
5. Lea 6. Upends
7. Rangoon 8. Concert
12. Troy
16, 29. Sidecar
17. Research
18. Jamaica
19. Szigeti
22. Road map
23. Retinue
24. Dog-tag
25, 9. Moulin Rouge
29. See 16. (271)

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Films

April 15, 1912

THE LESSON of the *Titanic* seems, in retrospect, to have been that scientific invention unsupported by wisdom or even ordinary common sense can be the least dependable ally of the human race. It was a shattering discovery, and the forty years that have intervened since the *Titanic* sank have helped to give it ominous point, if not general application.

The sinking of the *Titanic* has now reached the screen, and the lesson the film version seems to point is that American girls should be content to settle down with American boys and that married couples who quarrel over the upbringing of their children may expect an iceberg to rise out of the Atlantic like the finger of God, just to teach them a lesson.

When the *Titanic* set out on her first and last voyage, on April 15, 1912, she was the most modern ship afloat. She was equipped not only with wireless to summon help in case of need, but with every modern safety device, including eighteen water-tight compartments, any two of which might have kept her afloat until rescue arrived. Since she was guaranteed unsinkable, it seemed unnecessary to hold boat drill, or even to provide life-boats for more than a third of the people aboard.

Her Captain had been told that the White Star line would be gratified if the *Titanic* could make a record crossing, and he was only too anxious to comply. There were, to be sure, repeated messages indicating icebergs in the vicinity as the ship sped through the North Atlantic, but the Captain apparently felt it wiser to put the pressure from the head office above the weather warnings.

There was no precedent in the history of either sea or ships for a submerged iceberg that could sheer off eighteen watertight compartments and leave a ship to sink under the waterlogged weight of her own safety-devices.

The sinking of the *Titanic* is one of the sea's most fantastic epics. It might almost be the story of a ship driven to her doom by some malignant and external fate. There is very little hint of this, however, in the film version of the disaster. Instead we have a great deal of visible plotting, along with emotional disturbances which, for all the relevance they have to the greatest marine disaster in history, might as well have taken place on dry land.

These involve Clifton Webb as a snobbish American expatriate, his estranged wife (Barbara Stanwyck), and Audrey Dalton and Harper Carter as their poor little rich children. The rest of the cast includes Thelma Ritter, Richard Baseheart, Allyn Joslyn, and Brian Aherne. With the celebrated disaster looming ahead, any experienced moviegoer can work out the mortality incidence in the group whole sequences ahead.

Since the *Titanic* sank, hundr good ships have gone to the b of the sea. But the doomed line occupies a unique and ominous in history; for the *Titanic* su the first open sign that our trium Age of Progress might conce have a treacherous and vuln bottom, and no fictional treatm the story can quite gloss over portentous warning. The fina quence shows the great ship s into the quiet icy sea, her passe still singing *Nearer My God To* till lights and singing are que in the Atlantic. No amount o and studio contrivance can mak spectacle and the end of the stor than heartshaking.

RICHARD WIDMARK is one favorite actors, but his talen largely wasted in *Pickup on Street*. He is a subway pickp here, living all by himself in a waterfront dump. When a B Jean Peters, visits his quarte search of a piece of microfilm h lifted from her purse, he knock on the jaw, then revives her by ing cold beer over her face. when he tries to escape with microfilm, she knocks him cold another bottle, and in this way is born.

Thelma Ritter is on hand amiable stool pigeon, and poor Ritter has her head blown off Communist agent (Richard K who also takes the precaution of ing up B-Girl Peters so thoro that she has to be hospitalized. pocket Widmark then pursues munist Kiley into the subway, k him clear over the ticket-gate finishes the fight right on the tra the face of an approaching With all this going on, there much opportunity for charact tion of any sort. The more fort members of the cast were the who got off with contusions.

So far nobody has been ab enlighten me about the nature functions of a B-Girl—the only in *Pickup on South Street* that ested me to any extent.

Sangaree is a technico Three D film, a period pie in Georgia at the close of Revolutionary War. Its hero nando Lamas) is a medical d who spends his time fighting pl villainy and the owner of estate he manages in his time. The owner is Arlene Dahl she isn't by any means the lighte his troubles (she bites him on occasion and he bites her right b The Third Dimension may take mind off the story of *Sangaree*, doubt very much if the story help to take your mind off Thr

MARY LOWREY

Lighter Side

"C'monna My House"

"WELL, HOW'RE YOUR election plans coming on?" asked my neighbor Mr. Blufisch, leaning over the back fence and generously watering my lawn.

"I haven't any election plans beyond going out to exercise my vote," I said.

"Even if the vote don't help, maybe the exercise will do you good," Mr. Blufisch said.

"Hey, don't water Minnie," I protested.

"I don't like cats," Mr. Blufisch said placidly, and went and sat on the back steps.

I rescued Minnie, put her in the house, then went and joined him.

"You heard the new election theme song?" Mr. Blufisch asked, and burst into an alarming falsetto, "C'monna my house, my house, I'm gonna give you everything."

"Everything," he went on, shaking the water across the back lawn. "Employment security, unemployment security, health insurance without state medicine, old age pensions without means tests, old age pensions *with* means tests—"

"They haven't promised me anything," I said. "They used to promise us anything we asked for—roll back prices, restore controls, hold the dollar-line, anything. Now the women voters are beginning to feel like neglected soap-opera wives."

"Well, they didn't roll back prices or hold the dollar line, so you were just being taken for a ride," Mr. Blufisch pointed out.

"Any woman would rather be taken for a ride than taken for granted," I said.

Mr. Blufisch stared, opaquely. "Look, you've been promised the continued high productivity of your country, the growth and development of the community, a strong and united Canada to give full scope to a free and vigorous people. What more do you want? Free nylons?"

I sat back on my elbows, feeling rebuked. "I still don't see," I said after a moment, "that the Progressive Conservatives are offering any more than the Liberals, or vice-versa."

"Certainly they are," Mr. Blufisch said. "The Progressive Conservatives are offering a $500 million tax-cut, the suppression of Communism and the imminent premiership of Mr. Jack Pickersgill."

"Mr. Pickersgill?" I said, "but he's a Liberal."

"They're promising Mr. Pickersgill if the Liberals win," Mr. Blufisch said. "The Liberals are promising a continued and stable prosperity, remuneration to farmers hit by the outbreak of hog cholera, and policies to benefit Canadians in every walk of life. And of course the closing of the Departments of Agriculture, Citizenship and Immigration, External Affairs, Mines and Technical Surveys, Resources and Development, Family Welfare, Trade, Commerce and Transport—"

"The closing—" I repeated startled. "Oh, I see, they're promising that if the *Conservatives* win."

"That's the idea," Mr. Blufisch said.

"Do you really expect Mr. Drew will cut $500 million from our taxes if he is elected?" I asked.

"Certainly he will," Mr. Blufisch said. "He'll call a special meeting of Parliament not later than October to provide for immediate curtailment, and shortly afterwards there will be a national emergency and taxes will go right up again."

"I'm afraid you are very cynical, Mr. Blufisch," I said sadly.

"Not at all," Mr. Blufisch said. "Every voter ought to know that the first principle of national taxation is that what comes down must go up."

I said after a moment, "I do wish they'd introduce a little variety or at least life into their election promises. It's like getting the same dreary set of bound classics every single Christmas. When the Fathers of Confederation wanted to win an election they probably just handed out a couple of railroads and the deal went through."

"We're not doing so bad," Mr. Blufisch said, "I hear Mike Pearson bought a $200,000 Post Office for Little Current, plus a $35,000 skating rink for the Wikwemikong Indians. You just wait till there are only a few more shopping days till election, and things will begin to warm up. By that time they'll probably be offering to buy deep freeze units for the Eskimo voters."

I said I hoped that Mr. Drew at least would warm up. "I don't think this crooning, C'monna-My-House approach suits him a bit," I said. "What we expect from Mr. Drew is the timed revelation, the ringing challenge, the colorful and vigorous epithet."

"You mean you want a dirty campaign," Mr. Blufisch suggested.

"Oh, not *dirty*," I said. "Maybe just a little less liturgical and a little more secular, if you know what I mean. A few old-fashioned grandstand plays and maybe a touch of innocent and spirited mud-throwing—"

Mr. Blufisch shook his head, and went and turned off the tap. "There's a fine old saying, 'You never can tell from where you sit where the man in the grandstand's gonna spit'," he said. "Every Canadian politician has to learn that the hard way."

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

Arcadia, Calif., (AP)—Juan Marron says he lived to be 100 because he avoided matrimony. "Marriage is for women only," he said on his birthday yesterday. "A man should have nothing to do with it."—*Montreal Star.*

We disagree. A man is something every marriage should have.

"Daddy will fix it"

Of course, "Daddy" will fix his little girl's doll for the same basic reason he provides for the unknown tomorrows through confidence in Canada Life. Each year more and more "Daddies" depend on Canada Life plans to safeguard growing futures.

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something

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has been added to this out-of-the-ordinary steel desk!

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Office Speciality is presenting this distinctive new 7700 Series desk in a large range of styles and sizes. Completely quietized throughout — from sound-insulated pedestals to silent operating interchangeable drawers.

Back panels are recessed and readily adjustable. "Self Levelling" island bases eliminate the necessity of laborious levelling-up of the desk. The tops are finished in the finest quality linoleum obtainable, for long wear and permanent beauty.

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The new 7700 Series desk is on display at our branch nearest you. Check its many features and see for yourself why it is the choice for comparison!

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1953 River Cruises

20 DAYS . . . to Romantic, Old New Orleans BY OHIO-MISSISSIPPI RIVERS LV. CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 12 and Oct. 3 FARE (All Expense) $275 up plus tax

7 DAYS—to KENTUCKY LAKE on Tenn. River Lv. Cincinnati, O., Aug. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 FARE (All Expense) $95 up plus tax

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The Backward Glance

55 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

ON THE FRONT PAGE of SATURDAY NIGHT for July 23, 1898, there was a photograph showing Toronto civic dignitaries celebrating the laying of the last stone on the Toronto city hall tower. Among them were Mayor Shaw (mutton chop whiskers and all), E. J. Lennox, the architect, and Alderman Ned Hanlan. Among the nine other aldermen shown was Alderman Hubbard, a Negro. To our knowledge there has never been a Negro on a Toronto city council in our day, but we are glad to find that the city did have one once, even if it was 55 years ago.

There has scarcely been a time in history when the world was free from wars, and in 1898 it was the turn of the United States, which was then at war with a weakened and impoverished Spain. The charges and countercharges that featured it were enough to make a Grandee pull out his Vandyke by the roots, and the incitement to war in the U.S. was so palpably false that even some of the American newspapers were hostile to it.

Probably no other war in history was exaggerated as this one was, and the exaggerations, many of them introduced or publicized by William Randolph Hearst, ran from the reprehensible to the ridiculous. There was the slight skirmish in which Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders "charged" up San Juan Hill, and the mysterious sinking in Havana harbor of the *USS Maine*, an incident which was inflated out of all proportion by a young country anxious to show its muscular development to the world.

SATURDAY NIGHT reported: "According to Spanish telegrams, the entire force engaged in the battle of Caney numbered 2,000, and of these, according to American telegrams, 5,000 were killed and wounded. Was there ever such a bloody war?"

Another report told of the sinking of two Spanish destroyers, *Furor* and *Pluton*, by the *USS Corsair*, an auxiliary cruiser, which, up until the outbreak of the war, was Pierpont Morgan's yacht. A case of the Pluton being defeated by the Plutocrat, we might add.

How long ago was history? We sometimes wonder as we skim through these old copies of the magazine. In 1898 the men making the news were figures that seem like characters out of textbooks to us today, yet there are hundreds of thousands of living Canadians who were their contemporaries. Admiral Dewey had captured Manila on May 1, and in the same month William Ewart Gladstone, one of Britain's greatest Prime Ministers, had died. SATURDAY NIGHT told how Gladstone learnt French late in life, in order to enjoy French literature, and how at the age of 86 he mastered Danish.

The advertising in those days was forceful and direct, and there was no nonsense about "comparison tests" or phony photographs of male models wearing stethoscopes. For a quarter, the distracted *mater familias* could buy a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for her teething baby, and there were enough knockout drops in it to keep the little darling comatose for a week. Baby's Own Soap advertised that "It is the purest soap in the world. Really and truly the purest. It looks good; smells good; IS good." But did it get the dirt off?

It's been years since we last stuck a wad of Tutti-Frutti gum under a movie house seat, but it was advertised in SATURDAY NIGHT as an aid to digestion. In 1898 vitamins were strictly for the biochemists, and Scott's Emulsion was sold as a cough and cold cure.

And does any reader remember dyeing her clothes with Maypole Soap Dyes? This wonderful cleansing agent washed and dyed at the same time—giving much the same effect as laundering a white sheet and a pair of diamond socks in the same tub. A Packard advertisement in 1898 was not for automobiles or electric shavers, but for shoe polish. The High Grade Art Studio ran a snobbish little ad claiming the patronage of Excellency, The Countess of A deen. This lady gave a testim which read: "The Countess of A deen has pleasure in stating that High Grade Art Studio has successfully carried out a portra the Earl of Aberdeen, after a ph graph lent to them for the purp Lady Aberdeen considers the pic a great success and offers all wishes to the High Grade Art Stu

While we are devoting most of space this week to advertisements wish to lodge a complaint about inherent conservatism of adverti copywriters. The above ad is a in point. For years now we have told that the best way to start a s is with a shock, and the example often used to illustrate this is an o ing sentence beginning, "'Damn!' the Duchess . . ." Now, the Grade Art Studio could have mad advertisement immortal by begin it, "'Damn!' said the Countess Aberdeen . . ."

For the lady wishing to enhance beauty, in the days before Eliza Arden, Coty and Helena Rubinst she could not go wrong if she Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic C plexion Wafers, at 50c and $1.0 box. They were "guaranteed to move pimples, freckles, blackhe sallowness, tan, redness and oilin And if taken in large enough q tities, they were also guaranteed permanently remove the user f this vale of tears. But, of course, would have made her the best-look tenant in Mount Pleasant cemet which was one consolation.

FOR THE parents faced with b ing clothes for a growing here is a bit of information just 55 y too late. Oak Hall Clothiers, on To to's King St., offered white duck pa 60c; washing blouses, 50c; fancy s or collars, 25c; and odd knee pa 25c to $1.50. Tom from Gre (that's what he called himself) ad tised ladies' and children's hair ting as follows: bangs cut and curl 15c; hair cut and singed, 25c; hair cut, singed and shampooed, 5

J. Morley Chadwick, LRCP (Lon had this little plug for John Bull M Bread, "In consumption and in th cases where the patient emacia without organic disease, simply fr *malassimilation*, it is of the great value." O.K., Chadwick, first spell and then tell us what it means.

Professor O'Brien at 393 Jarvis advertised himself as "Canada's gre est and Toronto's leading Phreno gist." (Making a logical differen tion, we think.) "Patronized by t elite. Photo read free to patron There have been many types of co ons around Jarvis St. over the yea but having your photo read is a n one on us.

Which reminds us that this is day to go and have our own head r —and not a moment too soon, eith

INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	15
BUSINESS	19
FILMS	28
FOREIGN AFFAIRS	11
LETTER FROM LONDON	12
LETTERS	5
LIGHTER SIDE	29
MUSIC	13
OTTAWA LETTER	10
SPORTS	14
THE SOCIAL SCENE	9
TRAVEL	31
WOMEN	25

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Travel

St. Lawrence Cruises

IS THERE *a cruise of about two weeks' duration available this summer to include the St. Lawrence River ports, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, and what is the cost?—G. P., Toronto.*

The M.V. *Fleurus* of the Anticosti Shipping Company sails from Montreal on scheduled dates throughout the summer months on 11-day cruises to Quebec, Gaspé, Charlottetown, Cape Breton, Anticosti Island and the Saguenay River. The minimum cruise fare is $210, plus Quebec meal tax of $2.50. Interesting shore excursions are available at a cost of $33.

Laurentian Resorts

I HAVE *heard of the Laurentians as being a wonderful place to spend a vacation. Can you tell me, briefly, of the area and its hotels?—A. McH., Detroit, Mich.*

The mountainous 2,000-square-mile sportsmen's paradise of the Laurentians is deservedly popular, and in recent years there has been increasing recognition that it is an area of year-round attractions—a realization that has been reflected in such phrases as "open 365 days in the year" in hotel and resort advertising.

That particular phrase is one in use by the delightful Chantecler Hotel, one of a group of five year-rounders (the others: St. Adele Lodge, Chalet Cochand, Mont Gabriel Club and The Alpine Inn) in the Ste. Adele area, 45 miles north of Montreal. Rates vary from around $8 to $15 per day.

Trans-Canada Highway

CAN YOU *give me any news about the Trans-Canada Highway? When are we going to be able to drive across it? And what are the Provinces doing to improve motor travel?—J. C. M., Buffalo, N.Y.*

Canada is building a Trans-Canada Highway nearly five thousand miles in length, at least two lanes wide with broad shoulders, from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island. The target date for its completion is 1956. The federal government of Canada is paying fifty per cent of the construction cost of approved work, up to a total of $[illegible] million, and the various provincial governments which are participating in the Trans-Canada Highway Act agreement are paying the other half of the cost. The new highway is expected to attract many millions of additional automobile travelers to Canada.

A record road-building year is in prospect for Canada in 1953, even apart from the Trans-Canada Highway. Provincial legislatures have approved budgets of some $382 million for new road and bridge construction, maintenance, administration and assistance to local governments in the 1953-54 fiscal year. The federal government's share of the Trans-Canada Highway outlays and expenditures for local governments are not included in that total. The largest program for any province is that of Ontario, where $153 million have been made available for roads, the largest amount in provincial history. Quebec is second with a budget of $73 million. Alberta has earmarked $48 million for roads and British Columbia $39 million. All other provinces have provided for road-building programs equal to or greater than last year's.

Gaspe Tour

WE HAVE *only a few days to spare but would like if possible to visit Gaspé. Do you know of any short motor tours and the cost?—S. M., Ottawa.*

During this month and August, there are daily tours from Mont Joli, Quebec, using five-passenger automobiles with competent guides. The tour takes four days and includes a visit to Gaspé Percé Rock and Bonaventure Island. The cost, including meals and hotel accommodation, is $90.

Blue Ridge Parkway

I HAVE *heard some of my friends say that the Blue Ridge Parkway is one of the finest drives to be taken in the South-eastern United States. Can you tell me where I can obtain some detailed information about this route?—I. M., Port Colborne, Ont.*

A new booklet listing attractions and accommodations along the Blue Ridge Parkway has just been issued. It contains detailed strip maps of the 468-mile mountain crest boulevard from where it connects with the shorter and older Skyline Drive of the Shenandoah National Park in Virginia to where it reaches the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in North Carolina. Camping, picnicking and eating and lodging facilities are listed conveniently and keyed to the strip maps and the mile-post system of the Parkway, which enables the motorist to know at all times where he is and to identify points of interest as he sees them. A copy of the 16-page booklet may be obtained free from the State Travel Bureau, Department of Conservation & Development, Raleigh, N.C.

Air Fares to Britain

WHAT ARE *the air fares from Montreal to London? — S. C., Ottawa.*

There are two classes of air travel. Tourist single rate is $270 and round trip rate, during summer months, is $486. First Class single rate is $381 and round trip summer rate is $685.80. From November 1 to March 31 inclusive, round trip rates are considerably lower in both classes.

time for

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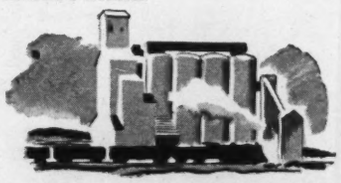

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